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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Women of Israel, &c. By Grace Aguilar.
2 vols. R. Groombridge.

MISS AGUILAR has often been mentioned in our columns, and is well known to the literary world for her spirited and able efforts to elevate the character, ancient and modern, of the Jewish female. On the present occasion she certainly begins with the beginning, for the first of her Israelitish women is no other than Eve, the mother of the human race; who is succeeded by Sarah, Rebekah, and other heroines of the Old Testament.

There is something entertaining in this appropriation of the wife of Adam, who, according to a Welsh genealogical tree, lived a long way from the root of the ancient family of ap-ap-ap-ap-Shenkins—(for in the middle of the branches we read, "about this period Adam was born"—making Cain and Abel ap-Adams); but Miss A. decides otherwise in her very first "period."—"The last and mightiest work of creation was completed. Man in his angelic and immortal beauty, stood erect and perfect, fresh from the hand of his Creator; lord and possessor of the new-formed world."

It was indeed a large estate; but, after all, how little can any one enjoy of the greatest property beyond what is within the reach of the moderately independent! Adam, the sole laird, therefore, was not much to be envied, especially as he was alone; had no wife or wives, no children, no servants. Poor fellow, he was worse off than the Anti-Corn-Law League would make our landlords; and much to be pitied. Miss A. acknowledges that "still he needed more for the perfection of his felicity." In other words, he wanted a woman to complete his bliss; and one was accorded to him, according to our author, the first and foremost of the Hebrew sex—"a being, beloved above all others, whose gentler qualities and endearing sympathy should soften his rougher and prouder nature, and 'help' him in all things 'meet' for an immortal being." The biography of Eve occupies three dozen of pages, and is altogether a curious document. It sets forth by telling us:

"The whole creation had had its origin in that Omnic love which created to enjoy,—called out of darkness and chaos a world teeming with life and beauty, that innumerable sources of happiness might spring forth from what had before been nought; but woman's creation was a still greater manifestation of love than all which had gone before it. She was created not only to feel happiness herself, but to make it for others; and if that was the design of her existence in Eden, how deeply should we feel the solemn truth, that it is equally so now, and that woman has a higher and holier mission than the mere pursuit of pleasure and individual enjoyment!"

The *Festiges of Creation* halt before the personal descriptions of this illustrious creature. "Her affections, the impulses of the heart, fresh from the creating hand of love, had full play—created as the perfecting finish to man's happiness, beholding him, the lord of all on which she gazed—earth formed to yield him

her fruits—water and air, to unite for his refreshment—every animal obeying his authority—instinctively feeling, too, the mighty power of his intellect, the strength of his mind and frame, the deepest reverence must have mingled with, and so perfected, her love. Nor would this acknowledgment tend to degrade woman in the scale of creation. . . . His mission was to protect, and guide, and have dominion—hers to soothe, bless, persuade to right, and 'help' in all things 'meet' for immortal beings."

Miss A. comes to account for the awful change which so soon ensued; and supposes that "the intention of the existence of the tree of life was frustrated by the disobedience of our first parents;" and yet she says, with a wonderful want of logic, that as nothing was made in vain, the said tree must have had its use and intention, had not man "by his rebellion frustrated the beneficent design of his Creator." Our author is not the first who has lost her way in endeavouring to trace the mazes of original sin; but her perplexities are rendered more dismal by the glowing picture of antecedent perfection.

Then we come to the better known tree of knowledge, represented to be "an easy and slender trial of obedience and love." It is described as a beauty, "no doubt frequently attracting the admiration of Adam and Eve, perhaps exciting wishes," &c. And once upon a time, the first Jewish woman took an unfortunate promenade:

"Eve had walked forth, secure in her own innocence, in the consciousness of love lingering within, and all around her; the young animals gambolling about her, calling forth her caresses and her smile; the little birds springing from tree to tree in joyous greeting, or nestling in her bosom without one touch of fear; the gorgeous flowers, in all their glowing robes and exquisite fragrance, clustering richly around her; the very buds seeming to look up into her sweet loving face, to reflect increase of beauty from the gaze—so may our fancy picture her, as she neared that tree under whose fair branches so much of misery lurked. Coiled at its root, or twisted in rainbow-coloured folds around its trunk, lay the serpent. . . . In one brief hour the whole nature of Eve was changed: the seeds of frailty, of whose very existence she had been scarcely conscious before, sprung up into influencing poison. Curiosity, presumption, the overweening trust in her own strength, the desire to act alone, independent of all control. . . . Weak, frail, unguarded—for the still small voice of the soul was lost in that hour's tempest—was it marvel that she fell? Could she have done otherwise? The bulwark of FAITH was shattered; her heart was open and defenceless; she was alone, alone. . . . She was INDEPENDENT, had acted by herself, had shaken off all control; and the full tide of guilty pleasure so swept over her soul, as to permit, for the moment, no thought but of herself."

Then, to stultify her husband, "she recollected the influence she possessed; nay, that she had been created to be his help, to soften his sterner and less yielding nature, and would it fail her now? There was no pause, there

could be none; guilt ever hurries on its victims. On her arguments, her persuasions, holy writ is silent. It was enough: 'she gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.' The crime was consummated." Yet, "he had no need of ambition, for he was lord over the whole created world. A glance from his eye, a stern rebuke from his lips, had awed even the subtlest of the beasts into silence, and banished him for ever." We were not aware that the brutes in Paradise were so ill-conducted; and our author pays a true woman's tribute to Adam's gallantry: "Strength and firmness fled before the endearing influence of the being who, created to perfect his happiness, he loved better than himself. Excuse for his weakness, indeed, there is none; but if such may be the extent of woman's influence (and it is as powerful even now), how fearful is her responsibility!"

Now issues a point of religious doctrine; and we are called upon to believe that the serpent was simply a speaking beast. "This is not," says Miss A., "the place to enter into a dissertation on the punishment awarded to the serpent: suffice it that there seems no hidden or allegorical meaning in the inspired historian's simple words. The serpent, as a beast of the field, beguiled, and, as a beast of the field, was punished. Nor can an Israelite acknowledge any allusion to, or any necessity for, a crucified and atoning Saviour in the very simple words, 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.' For a Hebrew, the words can only be taken in their purely literal sense. We are particular on this point; because, thus early, in the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, the Jewish and Gentile readings differ; and from childish readings of Bible histories by Gentile writers, we may find ourselves giving credence to an assertion for which we have no Mosaic authority, and which, in after-years, we would gladly root out from the mystical and contradictory opinions with which it confuses our ideas."

Be this as it may, the offenders are punished and banished; and again our author revels in a description of the change: "The birds flew aloft, trembling to approach that gentle bosom which had before been their resting-place; the young animals fled in terror from her step; and there was that in the changed fierce aspects of the beasts of the field, which caused her heart to sicken with deadly fear. The very flowers hung their heads, and drooped when gathered; they could not bear the touch of sin."

Poor Eve! After a bit of polemics, in which Miss A. says, "We utterly repudiate, deny, and hold in abhorrence, the awful creed which condemns every man's soul for the sin of Adam," she returns (p. 34) to "the private history of Eve." Herein she surmises, "that even in his boyhood Cain manifested those evil passions and that headstrong will, which led, in after-years, to such fearful consequences;" and she further thinks that, "in all probability, his (Adam's) family was a large one." She adds: "During the growth of their elder children the lives of our first parents differ little in feeling from those of the present day."

We need not dwell on the event of the fratricide, or the consolation given by the birth of Seth, from whom descended Noah, Abraham, and all the mighty Jewish patriarchs, and their wives, whose histories form the far more rational portion of this work, which may be read with instruction and satisfaction. We shall only sum up with the finale of Eve. Miss A. believes that she lived, as Adam lived, 800 years after the birth of Seth, as there is no record of his being a widower, or "taking another wife." It is a long while to live with one lady; but let that pass, and conclude with the moral:

Moral.—"Oh, let not woman deny that such too often are her characteristics, and exclaim, with scorn of Eve's weakness, that had she been in Eve's place, surrounded with felicity as she was, the forbidden tree might have remained for ever ere she would have touched it. She who thus thinks commits unconsciously Eve's first sin, trusting too much in her own strength; and, in consequence, is just as likely to fall beneath the very first temptation which assails her."

If we have deemed this "Life" too ludicrous, and have treated it accordingly, we beg that we may not thereby depreciate the rest of these volumes, which contain a great deal worthy of perusal by Jew or Gentile, Christian or Disbeliever.

Hints to a Soldier on Service. By W. H. Maxwell, Esq., author of "Stories of Waterloo," "Life of Wellington," &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, T. C. Newby.

"Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part."

THE author has put together a conglomerate of pithy counsels and interesting anecdotes, making up a very amusing miscellany from many sources, and moulding the whole into a shape of useful advice to "soldiers on service." Thus he warns them against intemperance, gaming, duelling, and other vices, and sets before them patterns of military virtues and services, countermodelled by painful examples of error and disgrace. Obligated to read every thing, we must confess that there is much in these volumes not new to us; but the repetition is so lively, and the application so good, that we have not been ennuied in reading the stories over again; and we think we may safely say that, to those for whom they possess greater novelty, they will afford still greater pleasure and entertainment. As a specimen of the whole, we select a portion relative to gambling, which we do not remember to have met with before, and which describes circumstances of painful interest:—

"Of all the vices (says Mr. Maxwell) to which erring man is prone, I believe a love of gaming is the only one that is not to be eradicated once the root has struck. The drunkard may be reclaimed—the duellist, shocked by some calamitous occurrence, will occasionally abjure the pistol—but to every better suggestion of the heart the gambler is insensible, and for one accursed pursuit every link of common humanity will be snapped asunder. Clime or caste may vary, but the gambler is the same. The Malay stakes his favourite wife upon a quail-fight—the Peer beggars his first-born on the Derby—while for a pot-house sweep the shopman robs the till and the child plunders his unsuspecting parent. That every domestic relation is annihilated by a spirit for play has been too frequently and too fatally proved to admit a question—and that it is equally destructive to every moral quality in man has been frequently established. I never knew a gambler

who was not a heartless wretch—incapable of friendship—cold to love—a monster all absorbed within himself, and without a single feeling in unison with the best sympathies of our nature. I will give you two instances of what gamblers are—the tales are over true:—In one case the person was my friend—while with the other I was, thank Heaven, but slightly acquainted. B— had taken a high degree in Cambridge; and with the exception of the late Baron Smith, I never met a more elegant scholar or a more polished gentleman. After he had left the university, B— travelled; but, alas, the hour he first set foot in the French metropolis was fatal to him. On the continent he imbibed a taste for play, which, in latter life, became unconquerable. With abundant talent to have taken a high position in any walk of life, through his accursed rage for gaming his career was a succession of wild literary speculations, all sufficiently specious, and all equally unfortunate. He was a disciple, also, of the Godwin school—and he formed an attachment to a lady, whose only fault was, that she was one of those who madly place themselves above the conventional regulations of society, and hold the opinion of the world at defiance. A long probation in a debtor's jail might have been expected to work a reformation. There every extreme of misery poor B— had undergone—and when he was at last discharged, he had wearied out every friend, and found himself once more upon the world, burdened with a helpless woman, and without a coat. A rare instance of a tradesman's kindness relieved B— from the latter difficulty. A tailor, whom he had once befriended, heard of his patron's misfortunes, visited him in prison, and begged to present him with a suit of clothes. Poor B— was too deeply humbled to allow him to reject the offer, and as he was unable to leave his obscure lodging in the daylight, he flitted in the dusk of the evening to the friendly tailor's, to receive the welcome supply. He was returning to his humble home, where she, the faithful companion of his misery, was awaiting him, when unfortunately he passed a low gaming house, termed in slang parlance a 'silver hell,' and the infernal spirit for play returning, the impulse was irresistible. He turned into a pawnbroker's, borrowed some money on the new clothes he had obtained, entered the den of infamy, and in half an hour came out—a beggar. The wretched man was desperate. His companion was awaiting his return with means to enable him to venture decently abroad, and seek some honest employment. How should he look the wretched girl in the face, and own the damning fact that he was an irreclaimable castaway? At the instant a stranger passed, and B— caught a transient glance of well-remembered features. The face was that of an old schoolfellow, a meek and estimable clergyman, 'passing rich,' not on forty, but four hundred pounds a year. B— followed his quondam class-fellow to a cheap and unfashionable hotel, and asked for and obtained an interview. At first, the stranger did not recognise in the abject pauper the second wrangler of his year; but the painful remembrance was recalled, and to the tale of B—'s distress a ten-pound note was given, with an ardent squeeze of the hand, and an entreaty to 'Go, and sin no more.' Will it be credited? but on its sad reality I pledge my word—the wretched man returned to the den in which an hour before he had been beggared—staked his ten-pound note—and lost it! Madness followed: he rushed wildly from the hell, and committed suicide from the battlement of the next bridge, recording, in a hurried

scrawl to his wretched companion, before he took the fatal leap, the circumstances which had immediately led to self-destruction. *Monomania* is a fashionable doctrine of the day. Was not this wretched man's case decided insanity? I have already told you that gamblers have no hearts, and I fancy I shall find little difficulty in establishing the truth of that assertion. Several years ago I was stopping in a city hotel, and one morning was shocked to learn from the waiter, that a young gentleman I had occasionally noticed in the coffee-room had destroyed himself during the preceding night by taking an enormous dose of prussic acid. From my informant I ascertained farther, that the unhappy suicide had committed the dreadful crime in consequence of having been ruined by play; and from his brief and melancholy history another proof was given of the blind infatuation with which a confirmed gambler rushes with reckless haste upon destruction. The unfortunate person had been brought up a tradesman, and scarcely a year before had unexpectedly succeeded to ten thousand pounds. He immediately threw up a lucrative business, and became, according to his idea of the term, a gentleman. Sharpers at once marked him for a victim, and, as it would appear, never was a dupe more easily ensnared. He was plundered on the turf and cheated at the hazard-table; and so effectually did these swindlers pluck him, that within twelve months he had not a feather left. On the preceding evening he had entertained his villanous companions for the last time, and although he had made most deliberate preparations for self-destruction, his spirits appeared even more elevated than usual. When the party broke up, he retired to his bedroom, undressed, and swallowed the deadly potion. Of course, death was instantaneous, for he had taken a sufficiency of prussic acid to poison twenty men. An inquest sat upon the body, and his villanous companions were summoned to give evidence before the jury. Dark suspicions had arisen that they were privy to the intended suicide, and it was whispered that they had even procured the drug. Hence they were placed in a private room under charge of a policeman, until the time should come when they would be required to give evidence before the inquest. The coroner directed an officer to bring them forward. He went, unlocked the door, and how were the ruffians employed? The body of their victim lay in an adjacent room.—Were these the moral murderers of the dead gambler, heart-smitten at the fate of him whom they had driven to self-destruction? No—the wretches were engaged in play, and squabbling about a misdeal! So much for gamblers' hearts. In military life, play is even more destructive than in any other profession." And the author goes on to relate similar instances of infatuation; but these and the rest of his work we must leave to be perused in his own interesting pages.

CENTO.

The Purgatory of Suicides: a Prison-Rhyme. In Ten Books. By Thomas Cooper, the Chartist. Pp. 346. London, J. How.

THIS volume is the produce of more than two years' imprisonment under a sentence for conspiracy, &c., and we fancy must have furnished greater solace to the writer than it will afford gratification to the reader. For it is a chartist strain throughout; and however pithy such matters may be in speeches to "the million," yet even these speeches flag, and fatigue the ear when they are too long; and what then must be the effect of eight or nine thousand

lines of considerable monotony of thought, and no variety of rhythm?

Thomas Cooper was an uneducated shoemaker, and as a self-taught individual (exercised, to a certain extent, by writing for chartist newspapers, and haranguing the multitude upon their slavish oppression, and the wrongs they endured from the noble and rich), this publication shews him to be gifted with strong powers of mind, and may be considered a curiosity of literature. His self-confidence is striking. Thus, after denouncing Sir W. Follett for his exertions in procuring his conviction, he says bitterly enough:

"He was entombed with pomp, and a host of titled great ones, of every shade of party, attended the laying of his clay in the grave; and they purpose now to erect a monument to his memory. Let them build it: the self-educated shoemaker has also reared his; and, despite its imperfections, he has a calm confidence that, though the product of poverty and suffering and wrong, it will outlast the posthumous stone-block that may be erected to perpetuate the memory of the titled lawyer."

The poem begins with a paraphrase of the author's address to the Staffordshire potters, which concluded with their outbreak, and demolishing, plundering, and burning a large amount of property. These two facts, *i. e.* the speech and the destruction, our chartist labours to dissociate. He is all for the relief of his fellow-creatures from oppression and suffering; and if, heated by his eloquence, or the eloquence of his co-stimulators, they take the law into their own hands and sack half a county, it is to be regretted, but the one thing has nothing to do with the other—they are not cause and effect. For

"Who, that yearns for world-spread human weal,
Doth not, ere long, the weight of priestly vengeance feel?"

Away!—the howl of wolves in sheep's disguise
Why suffer ye to fill your ears!—their pride
Why suffer ye to stalk before your eyes?
Behold in pomp the purple prelate ride,
And on the beggar by his chariot's side
Frown sullenly, although in rags and shame
His brother cries for food. Up, swell the tide
Of retribution, till ye end the game

Long practised by sleek priests in old Religion's name!

Slaves, toil no more! Despite their boast, 'e'en kings
Must cede to sit in pride without your toil:
Spite of their sanctity, the supplanted things,
Who, through all time, have thirsted to embroil
Man with his neighbour, and pollute the soil
Of holiest mother earth with brother's gore,—
Join but to fold your hands, and ye will foil
To utter helplessness—yea, to the core
Strike their pale craft with paler death!—Slaves, toil
no more!

For that these words of truth I boldly spake
To Labour's children in their agony
Of want and insult; and, like men awake
After dragged slumbers, they did wildly flee
To do they knew not what, until, with glee,
The cellar of a Christian priest they found,
And with its poison fired their misery
To mad revenge—swift hurling to the ground
And flames bed, cassock, wine-cups of the tippler—
gowned:

For that I boldly spake these words of truth,
And the starved multitude, to fury wrought
By sense of injury, and void of ruth,
Rushed forth to deeds of recklessness—"

This is about as forcible a sample as we could pick out of the composition, and gives a favourable idea of the writer's talent. Of course, he is much tamer in general, and often falls into sad versification. As—

—Unless thou canst erase
From out thy sordid nature the low vice
Of avarice—dream thou no more of grace!
Before thou sit in Jesu's paradise,
Satan himself will win an apothecosis!

But without going into the five points which are so largely dilated upon by Mr. Cooper, or

quoting more of his vituperation of rulers, aristocrats, the priesthood, the wealthy, and all the existing order of things, we shall leave his volume, with the one commendation it may with truth receive, viz. that it is an extraordinarily voluble performance, written with intense hatred of the *status quo*.

Gray's Poetical Works. English and Latin. Illustrated; and edited, with introductory Stanzas, by the Rev. John Moultrie, M.A. Pp. 142. Eton and London, E. P. Williams.

A HANDSOME volume, sweetly and appropriately embellished by C. W. Radclyffe, and heralded by a sympathetic poem from a congenial mind, this edition of the placid bard justly appeals to us for a cordial welcome. It is every way suitable, and deserving of approbation.

The Works of Edmund Spenser, with a Selection of Notes from various Commentators, and a Glossarial Index. With a Memoir, &c., by the Rev. H. J. Todd, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland.

A CHEAP edition of the prince of poets; overflowing with fancy, imagination, and beauty, Spenser is to us an ever-new mine of poetical ore, rich and fashioned into a thousand delightful forms. Where can we look without finding something to charm or elevate the mind? How poor do many celebrated effusions appear when compared with his abundant flood of song! There can never be too many editions of his works, so long as hard Utilitarianism abstains from absorbing every finer faculty and feeling.

Hudibras. By Samuel Butler, with Dr. Nash's Notes, &c. 2 vols. 12mo. London, H. Washbourne.

ONE of those popular editions full of the quaint old portraits, not the worse for looking fainter than when first engraved, which it does us good to see. We are not standing out for splendidly illustrated or most accurately finished publications; but for such, of a good kind, to be generally read, as can be got up in a style which will passport them among the people.

Outline of the Geology of the Neighbourhood of Cheltenham. By R. I. Murchison, V.P.R.S., &c. A new edition, augmented and revised by J. Buckman, F.G.S., and H. G. Strickland, M.A., &c. 8vo, with Map and Plates, pp. 109.

MR. MURCHISON remarks, with the modesty of a real labourer in science, that the first edition of the present work professed to be simply an outline—a first sketch—embodying the salient features only of the subsoil; and that, to render it worthy of future consideration, it was requisite that many new observations should be made by resident naturalists. The establishment of a literary and philosophical society, and the zealous efforts of its members, have, it appears, had the desired results; and a work which was at first of a merely local interest—an admirable guide-book for Cheltenham loungers to a most entertaining pursuit, and an incentive to further inquiry among resident observers—has become a work of some importance in the progress of geology as a science.

By numerous fresh observations, Mr. Buckman has not only developed the organic contents of the Stonesfield slate in the Cotteswold hills, previously almost unknown, but, by means of distinguishing shells, has separated the upper member of the inferior oolite into two distinct bands. The recent railroad-cuttings have enabled the same gentleman to add new species belonging to the lower part of the lias, and he

has pointed out new localities where the upper division is well exposed in natural sections.

Mr. Strickland has also thrown, by his researches in the northern part of the vale of Cheltenham, new light on some of the members of the lias formation, by tracing its subdivisions, and also by marking the extension of a remarkable bone-bed at its base. The same able naturalist has also determined the condition of the surface of the vale of the Severn at the period when the sea last retreated from it.

Lastly, the Rev. P. B. Brodie has also made a valuable contribution to the geology of the same district by the discovery of the remains of a great variety of insects in a bed near the base of the lias.

It is positively wonderful to find that a work of this kind, replete with additions to knowledge, and full of interesting and entertaining information, from which the mind of every practical geologist can at once demonstrate the power and wisdom of the Creator, should require to be introduced with a defence or apology to a certain class of mankind, to whom all natural truths appear repulsive. It appears that Cheltenham, like Liverpool and York, possesses a comet of some magnitude, although visible chiefly through the telescopes of ladies of a certain age, in this petty system of pious persecutions. To such, a multitude of facts, of whatsoever interest or importance, are of no avail in teaching those great and sublime laws, a knowledge of which can alone elevate the mind to the consideration of a First Cause. They are contented to dwell within the close precincts of a traditional doctrine, and to neglect the beautiful and all-inspiring lessons of the external world. They have no sympathy with nature; and even the love of God without such—without admiration for his works, or love and regard for his creations—appears to us to be a mere selfish feeling.

SERPENTS.

As a sequel to our review of *Serpents*, in No. 1417, we consider the following views by M. Raspail to possess much scientific as well as popular interest:—

Reptiles and batracii.—Among the vertebrata, reptiles and the batracii—that is to say, the batracii destitute of feet, and pediculated or four-footed reptiles—are the only class which furnish species or genera capable, not only of inflicting wounds upon us, but also of introducing a poison within our tissues, and thus inducing disease, not so much in consequence of the violence of their attacks as by the contagion of their venom. Other animals wound us, these poison us; others devour us, these fascinate and destroy by asphyxiating us. The poison of fish is very problematical; and when it does present itself to our observation, it merely takes the character of a poisoning which the animal has received, and which it transmits to us. The fish, in a word, is only venomous because it has been poisoned; the same as, under similar circumstances, would be the milk of the cow or of the goat; and this observation will apply to the rabid dog. But among reptiles the poison is elaborated by the animal itself; it is one of their secretions and of their excretions; they have glands to produce it, with an apparatus to transmit it: it is with them a means of attack and a means of defence.

1. *The Viper (Coluber berus, L.)* and other *Serpents which have a venomous bite.*—Serpents are divided into two grand classes, of which the one bite without poisoning the wound, while the others have a venomous bite. The adder, the boa, &c., belong to the first list; the viper,

the rattle-snake, &c., are in the second; and these species, fearful from the accidents consecutive to their bite, owe this property to two teeth of the upper jaw, which are movable, of a crooked figure, and perforated by a canal, which communicates with a glandular reservoir, in which the poison is elaborated. When the animal closes its jaws, these two teeth lie flat against the palate; when, on the contrary, the animal opens its mouth, these teeth stand upright again, and the play of the muscles, by compressing the secreting organ of the poison, causes the liquid to pass into the dental canal, which thus deposits it in the wound. In the adder, and other non-venomous serpents, this apparatus is replaced by a second row of common teeth. Still, as there is nothing abrupt in nature, it is very possible that we may meet with intermediate states between these two forms, and which thus tend only to confuse and embarrass our classifications. We have no direct experience to shew that those various influences which preside over the specific transformations or crossings of the animal races may not clothe the one of these species with the characters of the other, or, at least, produce a modification in the forms of both.

Venomous serpents acquire a greater virulence according to the elevation of the temperature. The viper of our climate is much more dangerous in the height of summer than at the commencement of spring, in gravelly and arid plains than in shady positions; the rattlesnake of the Indies is more venomous than the viper of the north of Europe. The irritation of the animal may render the wound more dangerous by infiltrating the poison more deeply into our tissues: it is under such circumstances that the viper, biting twice, and thus leaving four traces of its gripe, has led some ancient authors to believe that the females have four venomous teeth and the males only two: the female serpents, in fact, at the period of laying their eggs, or of incubation, are more irritable than the males.

The ancients were perfectly aware that the poison of the viper, so subtle when introduced by puncture, is inoffensive in the stomach: they were in the habit of introducing the viper, frequently the head as well as the tail, as an ingredient in their electuaries. But it is especially by the experiments of Redi, Fontana, and Charras, that this previously popular belief has been rigidly demonstrated. There are many other substances which we digest with impunity, but which become so many causes of poisoning if infiltrated into the blood by means of a puncture: is not pus, even when of a good character, to be reckoned among this class?

In the various symptoms of this kind of poisoning, as well as in the means which serve as its antidotes, every thing seems to indicate that the poison of the viper acts by an acid property, and by coagulating, after the manner of acids, the albumen of the blood; for since the time of Fontana, it is generally admitted that the best of antidotes is ammonia applied externally as well as taken internally. The wound becomes swollen, red, and ecchymosed; sometimes it is surrounded with small vesicles or watery bladders; every part becomes congested—the head, the lungs, the abdomen, the limbs, the face; vertigo and stupor take place, to be shortly followed by delirium and coma; the pulse falls; the circulation, at first irregular, grows weaker and weaker; for at every point it meets with an interruption from the coagulation of the blood. It is a frigid poison; the paralysed stomach rejects the nutriment, which acts upon it as a dead weight; the patient commences to vomit,

but falls off into a state of dozing; his agony is a mortal sleep. The actual or potential cautery made upon the place immediately after the accident prevents all these disorders; ammonia taken internally and ammoniacal frictions dissipate them at a more advanced period. Abandoned to itself, the disease is cured spontaneously only in those cases where the dose of the poison has been infinitely small.

Serpents are fond of milk; they are also greedy of wine, which intoxicates them: they have occasionally been seen to milk the cow, and they have been found drowned at the bottom of vats.

From persevering inquiries, I have become convinced that the power of fascination, which has been attributed to serpents, vipers as well as adders, is not a fable or vulgar fiction. It has frequently occurred to persons travelling through forests to witness the poor little birds, while uttering a plaintive cry, descend from branch to branch, attracted as it were by some occult power, and yield themselves up within the jaws of a serpent lying hidden among the boughs of the tree,—obedient victims to the glance of their executioner: the thread of this charm is broken by simply whisking a switch through the air; no doubt, from that fact, that the whistling of the air frightens the serpent, and thus paralyses its magnetic effluvia. What is the mechanism of this incredible fascination, which so perfectly recalls to one's mind the fable of the Sirens? There is undoubtedly here a physical cause, an emanation which envelops the bird in an atmosphere of asphyxiating gas, in the same way as the spider envelops the fly in its gauze-like net. To explain the phenomenon in a more perfect manner: let us suppose that the serpent has the power of emitting, one on each side of its mouth, two streams of a poisonous and stupefying gas, which proceed to unite above the head of the bird. If the bird attempt to fly the danger, it can only do so by descending; for it is there only that it will find a free space: in proportion as it descends, the two jets will continue to unite, and to follow it; and it is thus that to escape asphyxia the poor bird drops within the jaws of the serpent; it falls into Scylla in avoiding Charybdis. This power of fascination being common to vipers as well as adders, it is evident that these latter have the faculty of regaining, in certain cases, the character which alone makes the difference of the two species. The venom of the serpent partakes of the nature of all organic poisons; it does not lose its venomous qualities by drying; and the prick from the tooth of a dead viper or rattlesnake is as much feared by those who are in the habit of making preparations of these reptiles as that of the living animal.

2. *Terrestrial Salamander (Salamandra lutea).* The Toad (*Rana rubetta*, Plin.)—The salamander is a lizard without scales, the skin of which, speckled with yellow, exhales a fluid, which some persons have regarded as poisonous. This fact needs confirmation; yet it does not seem to be entirely destitute of foundation.

The toad, that degenerated species of frog which is found in ruins and in miry places, exudes from its whole body, in the same manner as the salamander, a viscid fluid; but this is not its true poison. All country-people are well aware that when pursued, the toad ejaculates an acrid and corrosive liquid as if to obstruct its persecutors. The poisonous quality of this liquid has been often questioned by writers who have never observed its effects; but there are so many evidences as to the truth of this assertion, that it would be presumptuous not to admit it as a demonstrated fact. Mat-

thiolus attributes to the poison of toads the sudden death of persons who have eaten of strawberries, mushrooms, or other legumes, which the toad has besmeared with its venom. Ambrose Paré* cites, among other facts, a case of poisoning proved before the legal tribunals, and which had been produced by pieces of sage over which a toad must have passed. According to Christ. Franc. Paulini, a man, while throwing stones at a large toad, took hold of one which the reptile had polluted with its venom. His hand swelled up from the violence of the pain; it became covered with phlyctenæ and vesicles filled with an ichorous sanies; the inflammation extended up the arm, and gave him the most acute torture for fourteen days. At the end of three years, and on the exact anniversary of the day on which he pursued the toad, the disease returned with all its original symptoms, and the man was cured only after considerable difficulty. Leeuwenhoek speaks of an amateur angler, who, being in the habit of baiting his hook with toads and frogs, one day received the fluid ejaculated by one of these *batracii* upon the surface of his eye, and in consequence was attacked with acute ophthalmia. He speaks also of a dog which could not catch a toad without afterwards falling into paroxysms of fury and of madness. I myself have often seen a fluid ejaculated by toads which I have pursued: the stream was thrown out to a distance of 80 centimetres—it was of a greenish colour and nauseous odour; but I had nothing at hand to experiment upon these animals. And even had we not so many evidences in support of its nature, analogy alone would point out to us that this liquid, ejaculated as a means of defence, must be of a nature similar to that which the viper introduces for the same object into the flesh of its aggressor.

We must, then, admit that this venom has a great share in the production of those cases of poisoning which seem to depend on some doubtful cause, and which arise, after having eaten without precaution fruits or creeping vegetables, and even mushrooms, which, from their general characters, would be classed among the most inoffensive species. How many accidents, which could not be traced to any certain cause, might perhaps be referred to this kind of infection? How many people, who have waked up ill and stupified from the sleep that they have taken on the grass, have probably been indebted for their illness to this species of accident?

New Principles for the Poor. By Henry Hardinge, B.A., Rector of Theberton. Pp. 142. London, W. E. Painter.

EVERY contribution to the desirable object of improving the situation of the poor should be received with respect; a temporary assistance or relief requires no profound judgment to accomplish, but to suggest a plan for the permanent improvement of the poor and the rescue of any portion from the trammels and oppression of this worst enemy of man has hitherto baffled the mental powers of the benevolent. It has often been said, "You can do nothing for a man who can do nothing for himself." If you place a man in a situation of which he is incapable of efficiently discharging its duties, his incapacity will soon dismiss him; therefore the way to help the poor is, to render them capable of being useful, and make their exertions profitable.

Mr. Hardinge's plan is substantially this: he does not propose or imagine a specific for this appalling disease which will altogether eradicate

* Traité des Vénus, lib. xxi. chap. 21.

cate the mischief, but he thinks, and we agree with him, that if the principles and opinions he has postulated were read to the poor by village-schoolmasters and the clergy, some of the afflicted might be relieved and all benefited. It is clear, that to operate effectively for the benefit of any one it is necessary to have his own assistance; unless his will consents, all external influence will be useless; the poor, therefore, must be convinced that their own exertions are necessary for the permanent improvement of their situation; the *modus operandi* is the chief difficulty. The poor must be made to know before they can act, and the communication must be made to their minds before the best principles will operate.

The subjects treated by Mr. H. are locality, education, manners, subordination, marriage, parental obligations, religion, and politics; on all he gives very good advice, and on most valuable and important suggestions. The difficulty is the mode of bringing the remedy within the desired scope of operation, and we have already suggested that it should be done by the clergy and schoolmasters.

We can afford little room for extracts; and we will only add, that we feel that the poor should be taught that they also have duties without which the exertions of those capable of assisting them will but little avail. We give the following extract, which we think sufficient to give a glimpse of the author's object:

"We profess to write with the view to the temporal condition of the poor; we seek their advancement in this present world, and upon such principles as, we feel persuaded, will not retard, if they do not materially forward, their approaches to another and more perfect state of existence. We come and say to the poor, 'We have nothing in the way of giving and receiving to offer you. Our hands are empty, but our hearts are full; and we are not without hope, and even conviction, that we can bestow upon you such an amount of real good as will furnish you with the means of comfort and prosperity, and raise you out of that lowly condition in which you still remain, the victims of wretchedness and poverty, albeit the objects of national and individual care. We say to you, that you must exercise charity towards yourselves. The charity of others, however comprehensive it may be, can never meet your exigencies. To better your condition, senators may legislate—and it is well; individual Christians may burn with the purest zeal—and happy for themselves if they do; but, as regards your improvement, as to making you happy, independent, free, let not such a hope enter your mind; this can only be brought about by yourselves—you, not others, must be the agents in the work of your regeneration—you must engage in this work yourselves. We say to you, that you want not good friends so much as good principles.'"

ONLY A FIDDLER! AND O. T.
[Second notice.]

We proceed with our concluding illustrations of this work without further introduction: it needs none.

Imaginative of Switzerland.—"It was in August. The trees, with their autumnal foliage, stood yellow and red between the dark firs; barberries and hips grew among the tall fern. The Alps lay in such a beautiful light, their feet blue as heaven, their peaks snow-white in the clear sunshine. I was in a sorrowful mood; I was leaving my mountains! Then I wrote in my book—oh, I remember it so well—"The high Alps appear to me the folded wings of the earth: how if she should raise them! how if

the immense wings should unfold, with their gay images of dark woods, glaciers, and clouds! What a picture! At the last judgment will the earth doubtless unfold these pinions, soar up to God, and in the rays of his sunlight disappear!" * * * The mill-wheel yet goes round, the water dashes down as in my youth; but the friends are gone, my relatives dispersed! I should appear a stranger there; and when one has reached my age, nature cannot satisfy—one must have people!"

On the glorious three days.—"It is nothing, as a flower, to adorn the garland; more difficult is it to be the hand which weaves the garland. The riband must be tight as well as gently tied; it must not cut into the stems, and yet it must not be too loose. Yes, you young men talk according to your wisdom! Yes, you are wise, quite as wise as the woman who kept a roasted chicken for supper. She placed it upon a pewter-plate upon the glowing coals, and went out to attend to her affairs. When she returned the plate was melted, and the chicken lay among the ashes. 'What a wise cat I have!' said she; 'she has eaten the plate and left the chicken!' See, you talk just so, and regard things from the same foolish point of view. Do not speak like the rest of them in the city. 'Fear God, and honour the king!' We have nothing to argue with these two; they transact their business between them! The French resemble young students; when these have made their *examen artium* they imagine they are equal to the whole world: they grow restive, and give student-feasts! The French must have a Napoleon, who can give them something to do! If they be left to themselves they will play mad pranks!"

A speaker in conversation is talking harshly of the hobby-horse of another, and the following acute observation is made:

"Here thou art unjust to him!" interrupted his wife; 'do not place a fine upon him, else I will place thee in a vaudeville! Thy life is in politics; our cousin's in theatrical life; Wilhelm's in thorough-bass; and Mr. Thostrup's in learned subjects. Each of you is thus a little nail in the different world-wheels; whoever despises others shews that he considers his wheel the first, or imagines that the world is a wheelbarrow, which goes upon one wheel! No, it is a more complicated machine.' * * *

"So long (is continued in a strain of higher philosophy) as the rose-bud remains folded together it seems to be without fragrance; yet only one morning is required, and the fine breath streams from the crimson mouth. It is only one moment; it is the commencement of a new existence, which already has lain long concealed in the bud: but one does not see the magic wand which works the change. This spiritual contrast perhaps took place in the past hour; perhaps the last evening-rays which fell upon the leaves concealed this power! The roses of the garden must open; those of the heart follow the same laws. Was this love? Love is, as poets say, a pain; it resembles the disease of the muscle, through which pearls are formed. But Wilhelm was not sick; he felt himself particularly full of strength and enjoyment of life. The poet's simile of the muscle and the pearl sounds well, but it is false. Most poets are not very learned in natural history, and therefore they are guilty of many errors with regard to it. The pearl is formed on the muscle not through disease; when an enemy attacks her she sends forth drops in her defence, and these change into pearls. It is thus strength, and not weakness, which creates the beautiful. It would be unjust to call love a pain, a sickness; it is an energy

of life which God has planted in the human breast; it fills our whole being like the fragrance which fills each leaf of the rose, and then reveals itself among the struggles of life as a pearl of worth."

Similar reflections follow on the outset of life: "Could you not immediately tell me how you were constituted? So are most men! When they have no trouble, they generally hatch one themselves; they will rather stand in the cold shadow than in the warm sunshine, and yet the choice stands open to us. Dear friend, reflect; now we are both of us on the stream: we shall soon be put into the great business-bottles, where we shall, like little devils, stretch and strain ourselves without ever getting out, until life withdraws from us!"

"My dear fellow!" said Wilhelm, 'your old preacher now really speaks out of you! But enough, I can bear the confession. I answer, 'Yes, yes, with all my heart, yes!' Wherefore will you now bring me out of my sunshine into shade? Wherefore, in my joy over the beauty of the rose, should I be reminded that the perfume and colour will vanish, that the leaves will fall? It is the course of life! but must one, therefore, think of the grave, of the *finale*, when the act begins?"

"But (farther on!) with the winter came only rain, thaw, snow, and dark days. The trees in the wood dripped with water; their dark twigs looked in the mist as if they were wrapped in cobweb. The whole of nature was a larva, which not until months were passed would come forth in the warmth-giving beams of the sun."

Of homely manners we select the following little pictures:

"Large companies are most wearisome. In these there are two kinds of rank. Either you are riveted to a card-table, or placed against the wall, where you must stand with your hat in your hand, or, later in the evening, with it at your feet, nay, even must stand during supper. * * *

"At this moment the mother entered. 'The festival has commenced,' said she; 'I have been forced to give my brightest silver skilling. Does Mr. Thostrup know the old custom which is observed here in the country, when beer is brewed for the mowing-feast?' A piercing cry, as from a horde of savages, at this moment reached the ears of the party. The friends descended. In the middle of the brewhouse stood a tub, around which danced all the female servants of the estate, from the dairy-maids down to the girl who tended the swine; their iron-bound wooden shoes dashed against the uneven flag-stones. The greater number of the dancers were without their jackets, but with their long chemise-sleeves and narrow bodices. Some screamed, others laughed, the whole was bleated together in a howl, whilst they danced hand-in-hand around the tub in which the beer should be brewed. The brewing-maid now flung into it the silver skilling, upon which the girls, like wild Mænades, tore off each other's caps, and with bacchanalian wildness whirled round the tub. By this means should the beer become stronger, and work more intoxicatingly at the approaching mowing-feast."

A merchant's household at Lervig, and another with all his family concerns at Copenhagen, are painted with the truth and humour of Hogarth; but we have exceeded our bounds, and must now say farewell to our Danish favourite, which we do with the mention of the system of education in his native country:

"With us (he informs us) the students form no *burschenschafts*, have no colours. The professors do not alone in the chair come into connexion with them; the only difference is that

which exists between young and old scholars. Thus they come in contact with each other, thus they participate in their mutual pleasures." To address a fellow-student "thou" (or to *thou* him, for it has been made a verb) instead of "you" is a sign of sworn friendship, and seems to be held very high and sacred.

We cannot conclude critically without noticing that the translator has suffered more imperfections to escape her in rendering the Danish than she was wont to do in preceding publications. Not only is the style frequently ill constructed, but we read such errors as "will enervate" for nerve "the soul;" "she is come under mamma's oversight;" she is so "fearful," for timid; a certain "affinity" between you and her, for likeness; and not to dwell on such trivial matters, though they ought to be corrected, in a note, p. 31, vol. iii. Mrs. H. commits a graver blunder when she states the "unhappy wife of Christian VII." to have been the daughter, instead of the sister, of our George III. She was conveyed to Zell in 1772.

PETRIE'S ROUND TOWERS.

[Third notice.]

REFERRING to the consideration of the proposition quoted in our No. 1480, we presume it will be conceded that Mr. Petrie's second conclusion is negated by the same evidence as his first. He says, in no one building in Ireland assigned to pagan times have been found "either the form or features of the round towers, or the characteristics that would indicate sufficient architectural skill in their builders to construct such edifices;" yet Mr. Morrison and Mr. Petrie himself discover features in many of the round towers themselves which bear a strong resemblance to Etruscan masonry. Masonry which was in use long before the building of Rome; and what he calls his triumphal arches are but an imitation of those still existing at Volterra. No one can see the specimens of doors, arches, and masonry, especially that at Glendalough (see p. 447), in this volume, without being struck with the astonishing similarity between them and those of Etruria: for instance, the Porta del Arco Volterra. Indeed, we consider this volume to be a strong, though unwilling, witness in support of the arguments put forth in Sir William Betham's *Etruria Celtica*.

The third conclusion, that no writer before Vallancey attributed the round towers to a pagan origin, we consider to be equally unavailing.

To these conclusions, or facts, as he calls them, Mr. Petrie adds four others, which he promises to establish.

"1. That the towers are never found unconnected with ancient ecclesiastical foundations. 2. That their architectural styles exhibit no features or peculiarities not equally found in the original churches with which they are locally connected, where such remain. 3. That on several of them Christian emblems are observable; and that others display in their details a style of architecture universally acknowledged to belong to Christian times. 4. That they possess invariably architectural features not found in any buildings in Ireland ascertained to be of pagan times."

To the first we answer, that the early Christians always adopted the temples of the heathen, and appropriated them to Christian worship, and ornamented them with Christian emblems; therefore this proves nothing.

To the second we give a similar answer. Many of these ancient churches may have been heathen temples, or buildings appropriated to

heathen worship; but supposing they were not, why should any surprise be exhibited at the masonry being the same?

To the third, it is not necessary to suppose that the Christians did not put emblems on these towers after they appropriated them to their own use; and the style of architecture being universally acknowledged to be Christian is a mere assertion, and, if true, proves nothing.

The fourth is but the third put negatively: in short it is like most of Mr. Petrie's proofs, a *non sequitur*.

Mr. Petrie at length proceeds to establish his conclusions:—

"1. That they were intended to serve as belfries. 2. As keeps, or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables, were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack."

The *modus operandi* adopted by Mr. Petrie to prove these points is singular:—"If they had been erected to serve the purpose of belfries only (he says), there would be no necessity for making their doorways so small, or placing them at so great a distance from the ground; while, on the other hand, if they had been intended solely for ecclesiastical castles, they need not have been of such slender proportions and great altitude."

We answer, certainly not: these objections are palpable, and suggest difficulties which Mr. Petrie in vain attempts to overcome. That they have been called *cloigtheach* in the Irish annals appears certain; but so have all the towers in which bells have been placed in modern times; and also *cuilceach*, or steeples; and *clogas*, or bells. A difficulty as to their being intended for belfries is, that among the immense quantities of metallic, brass, or bronze articles, which have been found in Ireland, such as cauldrons, and such-like matters, there has been found no large bell. The largest of the old bells was merely a square hand-bell, which, if placed in a tower, the sound would not be heard one hundred yards off. Surely if these were belfries, some old bells would have been found suited to the towers; but no such bells have been discovered, nor have they been mentioned in the ancient records Mr. Petrie is so ready to quote. He indeed quotes "my Essay on Ancient Bells," read before the Academy; but as it has not been published, we are not able to quote it. Perhaps it might be inconvenient to have it published; and therefore it has been delayed. No doubt "larger bells than any the ancient Irish possessed are hung in many of the towers at this present day," as Mr. Petrie himself observes, p. 360; but does not this confession refute Mr. Petrie's "own arguments," as he states Dr. O'Connor to have done a few lines afterwards? Is it not absurd to suppose that a paltry little hand-bell should be put up at the top of a tower 150 feet high? Dr. O'Connor indeed says, "*campanas aliasque res sacras, libros et thesauros custodientibus*;" but this meant merely that the *campanas*, or mass-bells, were kept in the towers in safety.

The learning exhibited so pompously in long Irish quotations, and the elaborate discussions about the *dairtheachs*, *dairulaigs*, and *cloigtheachs*, appear to us rather to exhibit weakness; as do the measurement of the bottom of the towers to ascertain their height. Conjectures are hazarded without much advantage to his conclusions: *cloigtheach* is certainly the modern meaning of a belfry, or bell-house, be the shape of it what it may, round or square; but *clochtheach* means also a stone house, for *cloch*, or *clocha*, is a stone; and as to these towers may therefore

mean merely a stone building. We therefore conclude, that the notion that they were intended, in the first construction, to be belfries has not been established, and the question is as much at sea as ever.

Mr. Petrie promises much. He says: "But as the origin of the form of our Irish round towers shall be inquired into at some length in the concluding section of the third part of this work, I will not occupy the reader's time with any remarks on it in this place." p. 365.

When, may we ask, is this third part to appear? It is now thirteen years since this work was announced, and the public expectation excited by magnificent and magniloquent promises of its appearance, and now the principal question of the origin of the towers is postponed, as the Irish say, to *St. Tib's eve*, which is neither before nor after Christmas.

Mr. Petrie then proceeds with his arguments to prove that the round towers have been made use of as places of defence, and relates many instances from the Irish annals in which people have been burned alive in them. But what does this prove? Did Mr. Petrie never read in modern wars of men taking up a position in a church-steeple and defending themselves in it? Yet no one would ever dream that these buildings were originally intended for fortresses. That there were double doors and holes for bolts in some of the towers for defence is very true, but that will not make out Mr. Petrie's case. He says, "The Irish people so generally recognised this use of the round towers as the primary one, that they but very rarely applied to a tower erected for defence any other term but that of *cloigtheach*, or belfry." (p. 369), of which he gives examples. Does not this tend to negative Mr. Petrie's theory, rather than establish it, by proving that any stone building went by the same name. O'Rourke's tower at Clonmacnoise is styled in the registry of that place, a small keep, castle, or steeple, commonly called *claiethough*.

Mr. Petrie promises accounts of the erection of some of the round towers from the Irish annals, but his performance is sadly deficient: he does not produce a single unquestionable instance. He gives an account of the erection of *Cloigtheach* at Tomgrany, in Clare, A.D. 965; but non constat that it was round tower. There are, he says himself, no remains of this tower now in existence to inform whether it was a castle or belfry, or whether round or square.

Mr. Petrie is a great guesser:—"A not improvable inference may be drawn, that bell-towers were then (in St. Patrick's time) in existence, otherwise this duty (ringing a bell) could not have been performed." p. 380. "There can, I think, be little doubt that they were not uncommon in the sixth or seventh centuries." p. 381.

Mr. Petrie also introduces the *Goban Saer*, an imaginary or traditional being, to whom all old buildings in Ireland are attributed when their origin is unknown. He thinks him "no imaginary creation," the son of a "skilful artisan in wood, if not in stone also;" "if not a foreigner, at least very probably of foreign extraction; . . . was probably born at Turvey, in the county of Dublin; . . . his exact pedigree not known." In the *Etruria Celtica*, vol. ii. p. 88, is the following account: "The *Goban Saer*, or free smith, is a mystical personage no Irishman is unacquainted with. Although called a free smith, he was a builder; and to him are ascribed all the extraordinary buildings in Ireland of which the origin is unknown. In the poems of Oisín he is called the smith of many arts and trades. In the hymn ascribed to St. Patrick,

he is described as opposing the saint in conjunction with *Druids and women*."

We leave Mr. Petrie's notion of the reality of the existence of the Goban Saer as a man for our readers to decide.

The account of the finishing of the great round tower at Clonmacnoise in 1124, as Mr. Petrie translates the word *forbad*, Dr. O'Connor translation covering or repairing. The word will bear both meanings, and the latter is much more probable; but at all events it decides nothing either way. Mr. Petrie himself admits (p. 390), that the tower "was repaired at a period long subsequent to its erection."

Mr. Petrie says, with great apparent confidence: "Whatever may be the period of the erection of the great tower of Clonmacnoise, I have found decisive evidence of the erection of many towers as late as the middle of the 12th century," p. 390; and then quotes, among others, a passage from Usher's *Mss. Trin. Coll. Dublin*, which states that temples and cloistheachs were made A.D. 1170. No doubt they were; but has he not told us before that this word *cloistheach* meant castles as well as belfries, and a square tower is just as much a *cloistheach* as a round tower.

Again: "In conclusion I have only to add, that it would appear probable, from the following record in the Annals of the Four Masters, that at least one round tower was erected so late as the year 1238, at Annadoun, in the county of Galway: 'A.D. 1238—The *Cloistheach* of Eanach duin was erected.' As there is now no belfry at Annadoun, it may be uncertain whether this *cloistheach* was of the usual ancient round form, or of quadrangular shape. But whether this *cloistheach* of Annadoun was of the regular round tower form or not, it cannot be doubted that some of the towers existing, or recently so, and particularly those attached to churches, were of a date little anterior to the thirteenth centuries, as that of Trumery, &c. &c. &c.; of all which descriptions will be given in the third part of this inquiry." P. 392.

The volume concludes with the following paragraph:—"I have now brought this second part of my inquiry to an end. That occasional errors of opinion—when opinion has been ventured on (!)—may be found in it, I am prepared to expect; but I indulge the hope that such errors will be deemed of little importance, or, at least, insufficient to invalidate, to any extent, the conclusions I have arrived at as to the antiquity and uses of the various classes of ecclesiastical edifices of which I have treated; and if I do not much deceive myself, such conclusions will be much supported by the descriptive and historical notices of the ancient religious edifices remaining in the several counties of Ireland, to which the next part of this inquiry will be devoted."

It appears from the following resolutions of the council of the Royal Irish Academy, which has been printed and distributed, that this next part is to make another volume.

"At a meeting of the council held April 7, 1843:—It was resolved, That the volume which has been printed by Mr. Petrie, as the 20th volume of the *Transactions*, be received as such, and though it cannot be regarded as a complete work, that, nevertheless, the council recommend it to be taken as acquitting Mr. Petrie of his engagements to the Academy.—It was also resolved, That with reference to Mr. Petrie's proposal to furnish a second volume in continuation on the same terms, the council do not recommend the adoption."

We know not what to think of these extraordinary resolutions, which are peculiarly Irish

in their import; it would appear from the first, that the volume had never been read to the Academy, and yet they accept it as their *Transactions*; and from the second, they entertain proposals for the supply of *Transactions*!!! How *Transactions* can be adopted we are at some loss to comprehend.

We must, in conclusion, observe that the opinions which Mr. Petrie has ventured—and they have been numerous, and not ventured with much modesty—have not been established by the evidence he has adduced; that the question of the origin and use of the round towers is not decided by what he has said, and that the confident, *ex-cathedra*, and unqualified manner in which he condemns previous writers is deserving of the severest reprehension; and the flippant sneering impertinence which pervades the whole is calculated to excite disgust, and at the same time exhibits the very limited scope of the author's intellect.

Transactions of the British and Foreign Institute, 1845. 4to, pp. 488. London and Paris, Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS volume is produced in a very handsome style of paper and typography, binding, gilding, and embellishment; including a frontispiece portrait of Prince Albert, engraved by F. Bacon after W. C. Ross.* The editing has been ably performed by Mr. Buckingham; and the main object of the Institute, i. e. the cultivation of international friendliness and good-will, kept steadily in view throughout the arrangements and contents.

The first Part set the opening and earlier proceedings historically before the reader; and the second Part becomes more generally interesting, as it gives the lectures, discussions, reviews, and miscellaneous matters, which have occupied the *soirées* and *conversations* during the past year. A biographical sketch of the founder (with a portrait) is appended, at the request of the members: it originally appeared in the *Colonial Magazine*, but is now reprinted with considerable additions, so as to afford a more perfect picture of a very varied and enterprising life, now happily settled down in the charge of this important establishment.

Upon most of the works reviewed, and many of the public questions commented upon, we have, in the *Literary Gazette*, been pronouncing contemporaneous opinion; and therefore it would hardly do for us to point out in detail where we agree and where we differ from these authorities: and this being the case, we may satisfy our *devoirs* to a work deserving of attention equally from its originality, its rich form, and its containing an account of a very novel design to effect a very desirable purpose, with heartily recommending it not only to the members, who must entertain a special feeling towards it, but to readers at large, for its collective information and intelligence.

Illustrations of the Law of Kindness, &c. By the Rev. G. W. Montgomery. Pp. 226. London, Wiley and Putnam.

THIS is the second edition of an American work, highly praised and much quoted in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, which will be generally received as a proof of its merits. It inculcates the virtue of kindness or fellow-feeling, by a multitude of instances, more or less forcible or applicable; and may, indeed, be considered as an amplification of the golden rule, "Do as you would be done by." Kindness to others seems

* The other illustrations are about thirty in number, and consist of portraits, landscapes, antiquities, curiosities of art, &c.

to be implanted in our nature; and it is a sad perversion of humanity when we see so many inflicting injuries on their fellow-men, instead of enjoying the luxury of doing them good. All we have to say upon this work is, that some of the examples want wisdom; but the whole is benevolent in design, and ought to bear useful fruits. Being full of anecdotes, the volume is also entertaining.

Twelve Hundred Questions and Answers on the Bible. By M. H. and I. H. Myers. Pp. 230. Longmans.

A GREAT deal of bibliographical information is conveyed in this volume; but many of the questions and answers seem to us to be rather puzzling and strange: *ex. gr.*

"What is the oldest translation of any part of the Bible?—The Septuagint, a translation made in Greek by the Egyptian Jews, in the reign of the Ptolemies. The Targums, written in Chaldee after the Captivity, are older, but they are paraphrases, and not literal translations." "What element produced the fowl?—The water: 'Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven' (Gen. i. 20)." "Mention some instances where events appeared to happen by chance, but were in reality the results of God's providence.—Rebecca's coming to the well (Gen. xxiv. 15); Rachel's meeting Jacob (Gen. xxix. 9); the Ishmaelite merchants arriving so opportunely to buy Joseph (Gen. xxxvii. 25); Pharaoh's daughter going down to bathe in the river (Ex. ii. 5); prove that God preserves and governs all things." "How should the word *נֶזֶם* (*nezem*) rendered 'ear-ring' in Gen. xxiv. 22, more probably be translated?—'Nose-ring,' an ornament still commonly worn in the East." The learning bestowed on the work is chiefly Hebrew.

Manual of Astronomy: a popular Treatise on Theoretical, Descriptive, and Practical Astronomy, &c. By John Drew. Pp. 344. Darton and Co.

ALL the facts of the science, to the latest period of demonstration, and also the most recent theories, are comprehended in this Manual, which may consequently be received as a useful astronomical instructor. We could have wished that Mr. Drew had studied greater simplicity, and not been so ambitious and ornate in his style—not that it leads to error, but that it is inappropriate. Thus, of the planet Venus, "Mountains, at least as lofty as any on our own globe, diversify her landscapes." In the table (page 340), we guess, the *ibn* ought to be *ids*, *idem*, not *ibidem*; but what with Herschel, Quetelet, Arago, and other astronomers, the author has made out a Manual which we can cordially recommend to students and the public at large.

The Rhine: its Scenery, and Historical and Legendary Associations. By F. Knight Hunt. 4to. Pp. 216. Jeremiah How.

WE should as soon look for another Rhine as for anything new about that much-frequented river. What, then, can we say for this volume? It is one of the very pretty picture-books so suitable to this sort of literature; and adds to the picturesque beauty of engraving, with which it is literally as crowded as a steam-boat in the height of the season on the stream, an extremely well-arranged, judicious, and ample account of all the tourist can see in an excursion through the country it describes. It well merits a place in the traveller's carpet-bag, and will direct him to much, almost all, that is worthy of notice.

The Female Disciple, &c. By Mrs. Henry Smith. 12mo. Pp. 297. Longmans.

THE period and the great religious movement which this volume illustrates have often occupied the pens of authors, and been exhibited in every form and aspect. Still Mrs. Smith has produced an interesting work, in which the condition of the early female converts to Christianity, during the first three centuries of its progress, is vividly traced, and their sufferings and heroism held up as examples throughout all ages. The writer has done for her Christian women what Miss Aguilar has done for her Jews.

A Guide to Shrewsbury. Pp. 208. Shrewsbury, J. Davies.

A SECOND edition of a neat and sufficient guide to the old town of Shrewsbury, so famed in English story. Eminent natives and adjacent ornithology and botany are added to the usual details; and sixty woodcuts illustrate the principal ancient remains and important modern buildings.

Stories of the Primitive Church, &c. By Sophia Woodroffe. Pp. 207. London, Seeley, Burnside, and Seeley.

AN introduction of some forty pages, in which the Puseyite schism is discussed at large by Mr. G. S. Faber, conducts us to ten stories, which, with notes, exhibit interesting accounts of doings in the early Christian church; and in matter bear a near resemblance to another little volume noticed in this *Gazette*. There is, however, more learning displayed in this publication.

Arabia; or, the Adventures of a Colonist in New South Wales, &c. By Thomas M'Combie, Editor of the "Port Phillip Gazette," &c. Pp. 274. London, Simmonds and Ward; Edinburgh, Tait; Aberdeen, G. and J. King. FROM his connexion with the periodical press in New South Wales, Mr. M'Combie has been enabled to gather together much curious information relating to the humbler lives in the bush and elsewhere of that colony, and has contributed entertaining papers about them to Simmonds's *Colonial Magazine*, Tait's *Magazine*, and other publications. Collected and re-formed, they make here a characteristic volume, in which we read of many things generally unnoticed in more systematic productions, such as adventures among log-huts, and descriptions of the habits of the poorer settlers, their little rogueries, and occasionally more serious offences. We may therefore say, that there is a new scene for these domestic and internal concerns, which, as they differ from our home-affairs of a similar kind, may divert an idle hour with the variorum of wandering life.

Sydney and Melbourne, &c. By Charles J. Baker, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Pp. 237. Smith, Elder, and Co.

AN exposition of the present state and future prospects of New South Wales, founded on the writer's experience, and intended as instruction to emigrants for this quarter of the globe. It takes a very favourable view of Port Melbourne and Australia Felix.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGY FROM THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

BEFORE presenting our readers with the following communication, the first from the Arctic Expedition, and of high interest to natural history, we may notice that Professor E. Forbes has been pursuing his submarine researches on the coasts of Zetland and the Hebrides, and

with great success, adding much to the stores of knowledge his indefatigable exertions (with those of his dredging friends) have contributed to this branch of zoological inquiry.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Whale Fish Islands, Baffin's Bay, July 7, 1845.

DEAR SIR,—After a passage of nearly two months we have at length arrived at this place, which in all probability will be the last opportunity at present afforded me of acquainting you with the success of our proceedings so far as we have yet gone. I was very sanguine, before leaving England, of success as regarded the zoological productions of these latitudes, and certainly have not been disappointed.

Our passage out was rather tedious, in consequence of the adverse nature of the winds; and during that part of it from Stromness to Cape Farewell, we were forced to proceed so far to the north and east of our course as to be in hourly expectation, during the 11th, of seeing Hecla in the distance. In this, however, all were disappointed; for the wind becoming favourable during the night, we made for Cape Farewell, which we were off by Sunday the 22d.

The whole of this time I was prevented making any observations in consequence of the boisterous state of the weather, with the exception of two days; the animals, however, which were then obtained, from their beauty and unknown characters, made up for the previous and succeeding loss of time. It was during the 10th ult., while in lat. $61^{\circ} 47'$, and long. $14^{\circ} 14'$, that I first obtained specimens of a new species of Briareus, which proved a most important addition to our knowledge of these animals, inasmuch as cilia were observed fringing the bifurcated portions of the lateral extremities of the body. This fact decides the position of these very remarkable creatures in the animal scale; so that Quoy and Gonaud's supposition regarding its mollusciform character is incorrect. At the same time a very beautiful crustacean was obtained—the type of a new genus of Pontia, allied to *Irenæus*. It is characterised most prominently by the great size and by the enormous length of the four central tail-filaments, the inner of which are not armed with filaments, all the others being so; each of the antennæ are armed with a joint at the distal part of the first third, by which means the animal is able to bend them up so as to conceal them beneath its body; altogether it is one of the most beautiful and characteristic forms of the family I ever saw. All the Medusæ obtained at that time were ciliogrades; one of these, the most interesting, is peculiar, in so far that, instead of the ribs bearing the cilia being in a longitudinal direction, they are transverse—the cilia rising from either edge of the rib. The minute structure is very complicated, and, so far as I am at present aware, proves its affinity to the Diphydæ, as well as the Salpæ.

A small specimen of Clio was obtained along with the above-mentioned species; but it was only after entering Davis's Straits on the 23d that these beautiful Pteropoda were seen in abundance along with Spiratella. Both of these creatures, when swimming in the water, are very active, and exceedingly beautiful, being adorned with the brightest colours. They only make their appearance on the surface of the water in the still of the evening, and in calm weather. From observations made on them, I am enabled to corroborate those of Eschricht, with the exception of one or two points, which want of time prevents me taking notice of in this place.

On Tuesday we saw land to the eastward,

and, the following morning, passed several large icebergs. The wind, which had been falling away since Monday night, now fell off altogether, and my harvest began. Ever since I have been completely engaged without intermission in drawing those animals which cannot be preserved, and in describing all that are procured. I can assure you, although a labour of love, it is not without its fatigues; for my fellow-officers are so anxious to procure specimens for me, that I never want fresh matter to work on. Owing to the constant light, also, I am enabled to work without intermission until all the specimens are secured. My work, therefore, does not cease until a change of weather puts a stop to it. On the 27th soundings were got in forty-one fathoms; so that a dredge was put over, which came up containing numerous valuable and interesting animals—a nondescript species of Coprellæ, Amphipoda in great numbers, several Asteriadae, a Terebratula, along with several Mollusca, and the type of a new genus of Isopod allied to *Murina*, a very beautiful ascidian, and three species of fish—Cyclopterus, Liparis, Ammodytes, and a very beautiful species new to me. Towards the evening of this day a large shoal of the Caring whale (*D. lœna melas*) passed the ship, apparently on their way towards the south. The next day (28th) the dredge was again put down in 300 fathoms, and produced many valuable specimens, which are extremely interesting, both from their peculiar characters and the great depth at which they were got. Amongst the many that were obtained, I observed *Ptarmia*, *Turritella*, *Venus*, *Dentalium*, some very large forms of Isopoda, along with Annelides, Zoophytes, Corallines, and many other forms of interest. The species obtained on this last attempt, which were of most interest to me, on account of the bearings regarding the distribution of species, were the *Brianus lyrifer* of Forbes, and the *Alaura rostrata*, first got by myself at the mouth of the Frith of Forth.

On the 1st inst. I procured several specimens of *Sagitta*, and two of a small *Medusa* (*Beroc*), which presented some very interesting peculiarities regarding the process of development. In this animal a thick germinal membrane of a red colour was observed lining the central cavity of the body, in which both male and female cells appeared to be developed. The ova, after a certain time, having arrived at some size, project so far out as to become pedunculated, and so hang from the membrane into the cavity. The male cells are also developed in the same membrane.

Within the last few days I have been examining the minute or microscopic structure of the ice forming the bergs. The first and most striking peculiarity regarding it is its perfect freshness and freedom from salt, producing most excellent water. So far south as this, and during this moist warm weather, it is disappearing very rapidly, and it is curious to observe how the action of melting goes on. When the surface of a mass is examined when melting, numerous flat concavities are seen upon it, all of the same size and form, without any interruption, excepting the ridges forming the walls of separation. Apportion being taken up in the hand, a loud crackling noise is heard issuing from it, small particles occasionally flying off. Both of these phenomena appear to arise from the peculiar nature of the minute structure of the ice, which consists of three series of cells.*

* This structure is somewhat similar to that of the ice forming the Swiss glaciers described by Professor Forbes, as well as that described by Col. Jackson, occurring in the ice of the Neva.

Two of these series traverse the mass in the same direction; the third at right angles to the course of the two former. One of the former series has the cells of some size, and quite globular—the size being very regular throughout; they have also exactly the appearance of nucleated cells, owing to the existence of a small globule of a peculiar fluid contained within it. The other series are of an oblong sausage-shape, and also contain small globules, but generally several instead of one. These may be formed in consequence of several of the smaller globular-shaped cells conjoining; but this is a mere conjecture, and not very likely to be correct, because if it were so, these oblong cells would not assume the same direct linear course which they always have. It appears to me that the two series of cells just spoken of are the causes of the phenomena mentioned above as taking place when the mass is liquefying—several globules falling into one, and thereby forming a receptacle for water. The chuckling noise is easily accounted for. The mode of formation, however, and the nature of the fluid contained in the cells, is a much more difficult subject. Is it likely to be similar in any way, or similarly formed, to the fluid described by Sir David Brewster as existing in the small cells of topaz and some other precious stones?

The third series of cells are very minute, and thickly studded in very well-defined wavy bands, which run across the lines formed by the other series at right angles. These bands are of an opaque white colour, owing to the cells being so closely placed together, and in all probability the berg derives its opaque white snow-like colour from this circumstance. Regarding this, however, as well as many other points relative to these interesting bodies—such as the formation, &c.—I expect to have further and better opportunities of making observations. The shores of these islands offer many very beautiful illustrations of the action of floating ice upon rocks. (Their mineralogical structure is entirely granitic, of a greyish colour, with occasional long narrow undulating bands of white and red quartz.) All within the tide-mark, and in some places considerably above it, being rounded off, long irregular ridges and intervening sulci,* marking the action of the half-floating masses. Of the particular action, however, I shall be enabled to speak more in detail after witnessing the breaking up of the ice next spring. The shores afford many species of seaweed; the islands themselves also produce some very beautiful mosses and lichens, with several of the higher forms of plants, all of which I have already gathered.

The Esquimaux are in a state of half-civilisation, there being a Danish settlement for the purpose of collecting seal-oil, narwal-teeth, &c. The sea produces numerous very beautiful forms of Medusæ, Mollusca, &c.; and as we are to remain here until Thursday the 10th, I expect to complete the Fauna, Flora, and Mineralogy of the whole group.—I am, &c.

H. D. S. G.

LUNAR PERIODICITIES.

[The following abstract of a paper by an old correspondent we received too late for insertion amongst the proceedings of the British Association. The paper itself was one of those huddled together the last day, and so given to the Section (A.) that no hearers could understand its import.]

On remarkable Lunar Periodicities in Earthquakes, extraordinary Oscillations of the Sea, and great Atmospheric Changes.

The following nine remarkable days are se-

* I have, since the above was written, made out that this is the natural character of the stone.

parated from one another by intervals of almost exactly four lunations each.

Nov. 9, 1842.—Earthquake at Montreal, and other parts of Canada, and "the waters of the St. Lawrence violently agitated."

March 10, 1843.—Earthquake at Manchester. On the preceding day the barometer at Chiswick was 30.380, higher than for 49 days before, and 179 days afterwards.

July 5, 1843.—Extraordinary oscillation* of the sea in Penzance, Plymouth, Scotland, &c. and a great thunderstorm throughout the island. Thermometer at Chiswick 83°, the maximum for the year.

Oct. 30, 1843.—Another such oscillation at Penzance and Plymouth, the barometer at Penzance on this, as well as the former, occasion being at a minimum.

Feb. 26, 1844.—Bar. at Chiswick 28.624, lower than for 409 days before and ever since. At Penzance it was 28.50, having fallen nearly two inches in 36 hours.

The 30th of October and the 26th of February now mentioned were nearly the same days of the year as the 1st of November, 1755 (so memorable for the oscillations of the sea in Europe, Africa, and America), and the 27th of February following, remarkable for similar oscillations on the western coast of England.

June 23, 1844.—An unusually severe and protracted thunderstorm this evening throughout Cornwall and Dumfriesshire, and on the following morning at Boston and Liverpool. Thermometer at Chiswick 91°, highest for the year, except one day in July.

Oct. 18, 1844.—The town of Buffalo on Lake Erie almost destroyed by a hurricane. This was precisely twenty-four mean lunations after the earthquake in that neighbourhood already mentioned. The maximum of the thermometer at Chiswick was this day less by 3° than for several months before, and the barometer there on the 16th was at a minimum of 28.94, lower than since the 26th of February.

Feb. 12, 1845.—The greatest degree of cold experienced in England probably during the present century. At Blackheath, at half-past seven A.M., the thermometer was 33½° below the freezing point, at Chiswick it was 35° below that point. The barometer at Chiswick was 30.409, higher than for nine months before, except on the 21st of December.

June 13, 1845.—Extraordinary oscillation of the sea in Kent,† and a "terrific" thunderstorm at Chatham. The 12th was the hottest day of the year at Chiswick and in Cornwall, the thermometer at the former place being 85°, and at Pencarrow in Cornwall 94°.

The above is a series of nine most remarkable days, the average successive intervals between which are almost exactly 118 days, or four mean lunations each; and not one of the phenomena for which these nine days are remarkable is so distant as forty-eight hours from the moon's first quarter. The above series also exhibits the striking fact, that in three successive summers, three remarkable days have occurred each at the moon's first quarter nearest the solstice (viz. the 5th of July 1843, the 23d of June 1844, and the 13th of July 1845), the

* The *Lit. Gaz.* of 15th July, 1843, first published the account of this oscillation. See also remarks thereon in our journal of Nov. 9, 1844.

† This was observed at Folkestone at 4 P.M., and 5s thus described in the newspapers: "The tide then flowing changed to ebbing three different and continuous times, causing much agitation of the sea at the harbour's mouth. This had been preceded by a heavy and brief whirlwind operating from the S.E. The rise of the water appeared to be about three feet, and its sudden receding produced the agitation."

first and the last of which are distinguished by extraordinary oscillations of the sea, and dreadful thunderstorms, while the second is memorable for a thunderstorm as extensive, perhaps, as that of the first of these days. It is, moreover, remarkable, that the first of the three days now mentioned was the hottest of the year; the second the hottest except one of the year; and the third was next to the hottest day of the year. The author's attention was drawn to the interval of 118 days or 4 lunations by having observed that number of days between the two oscillations of the sea already mentioned at and after the great earthquake of the 1st of November, 1755, and 119 days between those at and after the great earthquake of 31st of March, 1761.

Mr. Edmonds then gave examples of similarly remarkable occurrences at intervals of single lunations, instancing particularly the two recent earthquakes in Mexico of the 9th of March and the 7th of April; and noticing that on the day of the first of these earthquakes a shock was felt in Scotland near Glasgow, and a most singular appearance of the sun was observed at Cambridge, which we noticed in our *Gazette* of 22d March last.

It is also stated, in reference to the known shocks of the earth and the oscillations of the sea in Cornwall during the last century (and they are only six), that the interval between any two of them is almost exactly some multiple of a lunation. So it is also between any two of the six which have occurred in the present century except one, with which single exception they have all happened at or near the moon's first quarters.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, Aug. 30, 1845.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of 25th August.—M. Flourens read a note containing the particulars of a new experiment to prove the interior re-absorption of bone. He placed a film of platinum on the periosteum of the tibia of young dogs. It was successively covered by the periosteum and by layers of bone, until at length it was found in the medullary canal: there was no sign of any resistance or fracture; bone at first under the metal became above it: the old bone disappeared, and new was formed. The bone which existed at the end of the experiment was not the bone upon which the platinum had been placed; it was formed since, and that which then existed absorbed.

M. Arago submitted for inspection some rock-crystal, remarkably transparent, which M. Ebelmen had obtained artificially by the simple evaporation of siliceous ether. This recent discovery promises much for the optician.

Two new oxacids have resulted from the experiments of M. E. Mathieu-Plessy on the action of sulphurous acid on the perchloride and protochloride of sulphur in the presence of water: the formula given for the first was $S^4O^6 + Aq$; for the second, $S^8O^{10} + Aq$.

M. Decerfz announced the birth of a double monster-child, joined together by a single abdomen—the two bodies otherwise complete and apparently perfect. This monster was born on the 6th of August, and was living on the 18th. One only takes the breast, the other constantly refusing it, although its mouth and tongue are well formed. The latter singularly is most lively, and enjoys the better health. M. Decerfz says that it is the intention of the parents to bring the twins to Paris.

French Antiquarian Intelligence.—The restoration of the beautiful porch on the south side of the church of St. Louis, at Poissy, near

Paris, is now completed, and the effect is such as all lovers of pointed architecture will duly appreciate. It is a rich specimen of the flamboyant style, and forms an appropriate appendage to the interesting edifice in question. This church, which contains large portions of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, is well worthy of a visit from whoever goes to Paris by the Rouen railroad. It is on the line, only fifteen miles from the capital, and no one will repent stopping to see it. The gateway of the magnificent abbey, which once formed the peculiar glory of this little town, is to be preserved, we understand, although some stupid engineers and surveyors had taken it into their thick noddles that it was better to make a road right through its towers than to turn it by a gentle curve about ten feet aside. The idea of the straight line has done more harm to the national antiquities of France than almost any other single theoretical cause. Surveyors think that every thing is comprised in it,—beauty, utility, and economy; and numberless buildings have been demolished merely because one of these unfortunate straight lines has happened to come in contact with them.*—An amusing instance of Vandalism on the part of a country builder occurred a short time since at Aix, in Provence, where the cathedral has been repaired, and some alterations made within. The contractor for the work put up a cupboard somewhere in the choir for holding the spare missals and chant-books; but after it was completed he found the cupboard too small, so without further ado he quietly took the books, which from their age and their nature are of some value, and set about paring off their margins and corners until they should be *rares* enough to be stuffed into his cupboard! Fortunately he was found out in his malpractices, and stopped before much damage was done.—M. Goze is publishing a good work on the architectural antiquities of Picardy and Artois, two districts peculiarly rich in mediæval remains, as any one who knows Amiens, Abbeville, Arras, and Beauvais, will readily admit.

FINE ARTS.

THE LATE JOHN CONSTABLE.

[Anecdotes, &c., collected: see last three *Literary Gazettes*.]

"I met Callcott at dinner the other day; he said he regretted much that you had determined not to send the 'Sterne'; I regret it also; he said it 'was quite fit, and very fit for the exhibition.' I think so too. At all events, I thought you might like to hear his opinion, and I assure you it was the only one in which we did agree during the evening. He thinks I do not believe what I say, and only want to attract attention by singularity; but my pictures being my acts, shew to my cost that I am sincere, for

'He who hangs, or beats his brains,
'The devil's in him if he forgoes.'

But he is on the safe side. . . . My boys are all here. I saw my little girls on Sunday, all well—so the world is light as a feather to me."

Mr. C. presented his god-daughter, a child of Mr. Leslie's, with, says her father, "the first and best book ever written expressly for children, 'Dr. Watt's Songs.' It is illustrated by woodcuts from Stothard, and Constable not only coloured them very beautifully, but added some designs of his own, as a bird singing over its nest to the song against quarrelling, and a bee settling on a rose to that on industry;

* We are not free from the plague of engineers in this rail-ridden country of England.

while over the lines beginning, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' he wrote with a pencil, 'For Landseer.'

1833. "To-morrow I pass a long evening at the Academy; the 10th being its anniversary. We give the prizes for all kinds of art. I lament to say we must give away an abundance of our beautiful medals to little pupose. How are we to account for this? perhaps, as Fuseli once told me, 'as the conveniences and instruments of study increase, so will always the exertions of the students decrease.'"

Mr. Rogers (1836). Constable writes: "Mr. Rogers thinks I am in the right road in my pursuit of landscape. He likes my plan of its history, and says 'nobody can do it so well; this is encouraging. He was pleased with my pointing out the falling or shooting star in his exquisite Rubens. But he is very quiet in his likes and dislikes; a delightful man, all intelligence, all benevolence and justice, and a generous upholder of art, living and dead. What pictures he has got! the best in London; and he has some noble old woodcuts. It was pleasing to see him feed the sparrows while at breakfast, and to see how well they knew him. But he has some melancholy ideas of human nature. He said 'it is a debt genius must pay to be hated.' I doubt this in general, but there is something like it in nature.' I told him if he could catch one of those sparrows, and tie a bit of paper about its neck, and let it off again, the rest would peck it to death for being so distinguished."

Of Mr. Constable's conversation Mr. Leslie tells us:

"I remember to have heard him say, 'When I sit down to make a sketch from nature, the first thing I try to do is, to forget that I have ever seen a picture.' He well knew that, in spite of this endeavour, his knowledge of pictures had its influence on every touch of his pencil, for in speaking of a young artist who boasted that he had never studied the works of others, he said, 'After all, there is such a thing as the art.' On hearing somebody say of the celebrated collection of Raphael's drawings that belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence, 'They inspire,' he replied, 'They do more, they inform.' The amiable but eccentric Blake, looking through one of Constable's sketch-books, said of a beautiful drawing of an avenue of fir-trees on Hampstead Heath, 'Why, this is not drawing, but inspiration;' and he replied, 'I never knew it before; I meant it for drawing.' 'My pictures will never be popular,' he said, 'for they have no handling. But I do not see handling in nature.' He said also, 'Whatever may be thought of my art, it is my own; and I would rather possess a freehold, though but a cottage, than live in a palace belonging to another.' . . . A friend of Constable expressing to him his dissatisfaction at his own progress in art, received (as he told me) the greatest encouragement to proceed he ever met with, in the following answer: 'If you had found painting as easy as you once thought it, you would have given it up long ago.' He could not easily resist the temptation of making an unexpected reply; and when Archdeacon Fisher, one Sunday, after preaching, asked him how he liked his sermon, he said, 'Very much indeed, Fisher; I always did like that sermon.' But Fisher had too much wit himself not to relish this; and if he kept any account of such hits with his friend, it was no doubt a fairly balanced one. If Con-

stable had occasion to find fault with a servant or tradesman, it was seldom unaccompanied with a pleasantry, though often a sharp one. To the person who served his family with milk, he said, 'In future we shall feel obliged if you will send us the milk and the water in separate cans.' A picture of a murder sent to the Academy for exhibition while he was on the council was refused admittance on account of a disgusting display of blood and brains in it; but he objected still more to the wretchedness of the work, and said, 'I see no brains in the picture.'"

The pithy apothegms which appear so frequently in these selections; the able critiques upon art; the illustrations of so many incidental subjects; and the notices of so many persons connected with our national school and literature; the little touches of social life, and the very interesting portrait of the principal figure in all the groupings, will, we think, fully bear out the cordial eulogy we have bestowed on this volume. We should have liked real names where parties are (of necessity) shrouded in asterisks; but were there nothing beyond the picture of Constable alone, we should be amply gratified with Mr. Leslie's labour of love. His human elements are, indeed, of a charming commixture; his fondness for children, his affection for animals, his devotedness to the beauties of inanimate nature, his just and high principles, were sweetly combined to make a man and an artist. How he cemented friendships is shewn by the whole of his biographer's narrative, and by the following:

(1825). "Whatever you do, Constable, get rid of anxiety. It hurts the stomach more than arsenic. It generates only fresh cause for anxiety by producing inaction and loss of time. I have heard it said of generals who have failed, that they would have been good officers if they had not harassed themselves by looking too narrowly into details. Does the cap fit? It does me. . . . I would have come to Hampstead had I been able. I could sooner do it now and at this distance, and will come if it will do you any good. Pity me. I am sitting in the shade with my children by me, writing to you, with a quiet stomach and cool head; and I am obliged to leave all this to go ten miles to eat venison and drink claret with a brother officer, whose head is filled with the same sort of materials that his venison pasty is made of. Let me hear from you again soon, and believe me always faithfully yours, John Fisher. . . . You want a staff just at present. Lean upon me, hard."

And how true of all genius and literary or artistical pursuits, the same steady friend writes on the death of Mrs. Constable:

Nov. 29, 1828. "My dear Constable, I write with the hope and intention of giving you comfort, but really I know not how; yet if there be any consolation to the heart of man to know that another feels with him, you have that consolation. I do sympathise with you, my old and dear friend, most truly, and I pray God to give you fortitude. . . . Some of the finest works of art, and most vigorous exertions of intellect, have been the result of periods of distress. Poor Wilson painted all his finest landscapes under the pressure of sorrow."

Alas, that it should be so; but there is an extraordinary elasticity in mind, and often under the heaviest pressure is it manifested even by lightness.

* "This recalls to my recollection a saying, still better, which is related of Ope, who, when a young artist asked him what he mixed his colours with, replied, 'Brains.'"

* "A curious proof of the stillness with which he sat one day while painting in the open air, was the discovery of a field-mouse in his coat-pocket."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT.

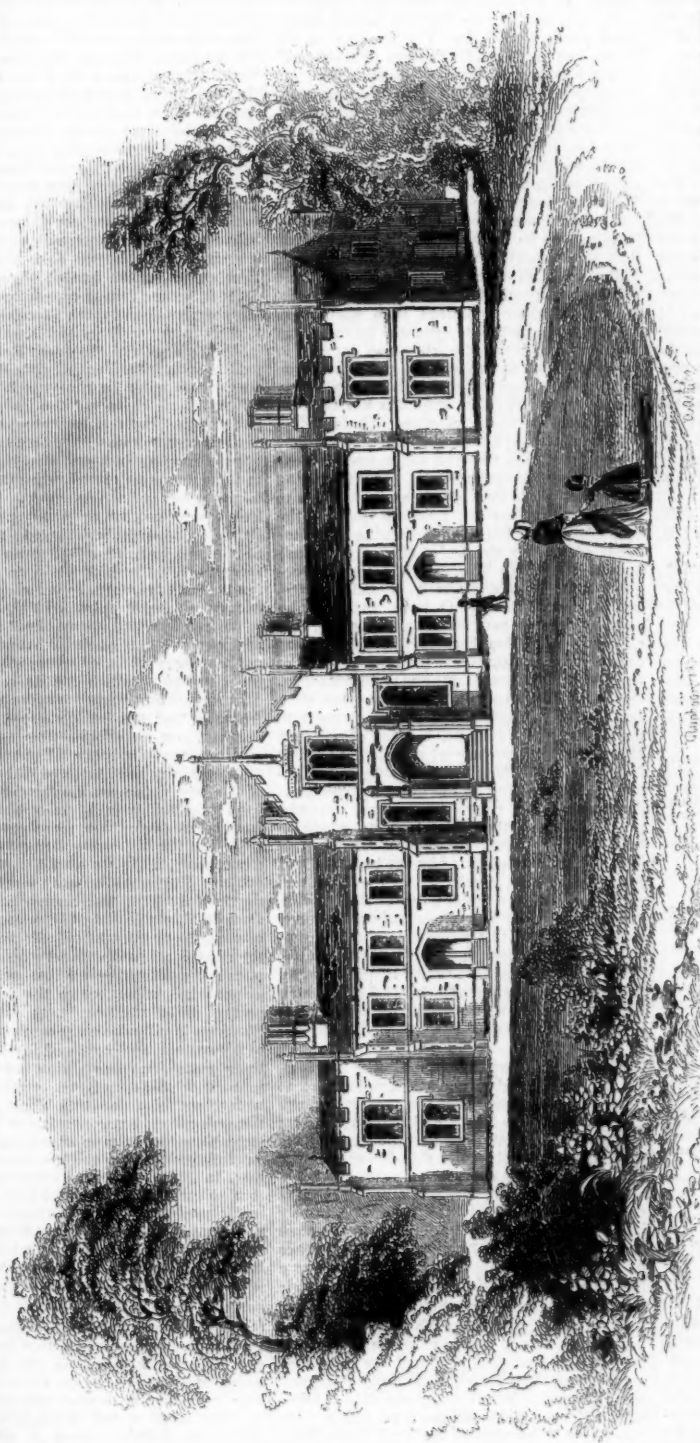
ONE of the proudest boasts of England among the nations of the earth is justly based upon her permanent charitable foundations, and the vast amount of her public benevolence as called forth by claims of every description, independently of the unknown extent of private beneficence. A million and a half *per annum* represents the first of these items alone; but the others defy calculation, and can only be imagined from the obvious fact, that they pervade every portion of human life and condition in a population of twenty millions of souls.

In older times, such acts as the creation of establishments for the relief of particular classes of the community were more frequent than they have been in later years; but still, since the building of George Heriot's magnificent hospital,* to our day, there has been no want of blessed proofs that the spirit of humanity still warmly animated the philanthropic Heart of the British empire.

The evidence to this gratifying reflection afforded by the Booksellers' Provident Retreat has been repeatedly dwelt upon in the *Literary Gazette*; and it was therefore with no common degree of pleasure that we joined the numerous party to Abbot's Langley, Herts, on Wednesday, to witness the ceremony of laying the first stone of the proposed building for the reception of members of the trade, to whom the vicissitudes and misfortunes to which all are liable should render a refuge like this, in their old age, the most invaluable of boons. The design, we need hardly repeat to our readers, sprung out of that other excellent institution, the Booksellers' Provident Fund; and it has wisely been provided, that none but subscribers to the latter of at least seven years' standing should be eligible for election into the Retreat.

By one o'clock above two hundred persons of both sexes, and including a fair proportion of the leading and most active booksellers and publishers of the metropolis, were assembled under a temporary building of wood run up for the occasion, in the rear, and commanding an immediate view of the ground on which the masonic ceremony was to be performed. This ground—now a freehold of the charity—was given by Mr. John Dickinson, the eminent paper-maker, whose extensive works and beautiful residence surround the spot, and who has from the beginning of these associations, shewn himself to be their zealous friend and most liberal supporter. The present generous donation, therefore, was only the crowning of his munificence. In front of the site, the London and Birmingham Railroad presents unceasing animation to the scene; and on the rising hills opposite, the sweet pastoral features of King's Langley are spread out to the vision. Nothing could be more fit and appropriate than the situation, with its

* Of this hospital, together with a biography of its founder, a very interesting account has just been published by the Rev. Dr. William Steven. Edinburgh. Bell and Bradfute. —*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*



ready access to London, its own healthful locality, and its pleasing prospects, to soothe the minds of those whom worldly cares and difficulties have consigned to this haven of rest.

The style of the architecture, too, accords so entirely with our idea of what is most suitable in itself and agreeable to English landscape, that we have procured (through the kindness of Mr. Low) a print of it, so that other good people need not want a pattern, if they are inclined to follow so laudable an example. The design is by Mr. H. Cooper, and does credit to his ability and taste in the Tudor line; this, the first distinct elevation, consisting of seven comfortable domestic dwellings (with every convenience), a central hall on the ground floor, 18 feet 6 by 17 feet; and a committee-room above, a common sitting-room, 12 feet 1½ in. by 12 feet, and a kitchen 11 feet by 10 feet 3 in. Plots of garden will be laid out for the inmates; and should it be required in the progress of time, there is sufficient space in the endowment of Mr. Dickinson to permit of the building of similar abodes for from thirty to forty additional members. The estimated cost of the "present commencement" is 2600*l.*; and it is most satisfactory to state, that though the sum required to complete the design was, when the company met, *deficient* by no less than 600*l.* or 700*l.*, it was amply sufficient when they left, only a few hours later!

Much of this gratifying result must, we think, be attributed to the manner in which the Earl of Clarendon discharged the duties of president throughout the day. Every thing being prepared, his lordship deposited, in the usual way, a crystal bottle, in which silver and copper coins of the current date were enclosed, and also the following scroll, previously read aloud by Mr. Ives, the secretary, commemorating the event:—

"The foundation-stone of the Booksellers' Provident Retreat was laid by the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, G.C.B. P.C., on Wednesday, September 3, 1845. This Retreat, to be erected upon ground presented by John Dickinson, Esq., is intended as a comfortable asylum for aged and infirm members and the widows of members of the Booksellers' Provident Institution.

List of the Committee for 1845.

James Nisbet, Esq., 21 Berners Street, *Chairman*.
Thomas Brown, Esq., 39 Paternoster Row, *Treasurer*.
Cosmo Orme, Esq., 15 Bryanston Square.
Bevis E. Green, Esq., 39 Paternoster Row.
Ant. K. Newman, Esq., 33 Leadenhall Street.
Thos. Kelly, Esq., Ald., 17 Paternoster Row.
Edmund Hodgson, Esq., 193 Fleet Street.
James M. Richardson, Esq., 23 Cornhill.
R. Marshall, Esq., 4 Stationers' Hall Court.
Messrs. Robert Baldock, 85 High Holborn; James Bigg, 53 Parliament Street; George Copland, 17 Paternoster Row; George Greenland, 38 Poultry; John Hearne, 81 Strand; George Lawford, 6 Saville Passage; Sampson Low, 42 Lamb's Conduit Street; Frederick Malcolm, 8 Leadenhall Street; Charles Reader, 39 Paternoster Row; Thomas Rodd, 39 Great Newport Street; Thomas Sanderson, 2 Amen Corner; William Sharp, 39 Paternoster Row; Thomas B. Sharpe, 15 Skinner Street; Alfred Taylor, 187 Piccadilly; Henry Wix, 65 St. Paul's Churchyard.

Auditors.—Messrs. Jas. Eden, 39 Paternoster Row; John Morris Jones, 8 Paternoster Row; Samuel Sharwood, jun., 120 Aldersgate Street.

Honorary Secretary.—Mr. Samuel Ives, 14 Paternoster Row.

W. H. Cooper, Esq., Architect. Mr. William Trego, *Builder*."

Every one being uncovered, the Rev. Mr. Gee, the vicar of Abbot's Langley, read the following well-composed prayer, which was listened to with profound attention:—"O eternal and most glorious God, the great creator, gracious preserver, and wise governor of the world, who hast given unto man knowledge to devise and skill to execute many grand and noble designs, but hast commanded him to do all to the glory of God, to do all in the name of the Lord

Jesus; we, thy unworthy servants, united together on this day in what we believe to be a good work, humbly beg thy blessing on the means and on the end. Prosper thou the work of our hands upon us! O prosper thou our handiwork! Thine, O Lord, was the good thought which first suggested the undertaking, and thine is the praise that thou hast put it into the hearts of some among us to provide a home for the houseless, a retreat for the provident, a refuge and shelter for the aged and the needy. We acknowledge, O God, that now, unless thou build this house, our labour is but lost in building it; be present therefore, we beseech thee, by thy spirit with us to-day. Accept this dedication of all to thy honour and service, and vouchsafe to those that shall be engaged in the erection of these buildings such supplies of grace and strength, that, guarded by thee from hurt and from hindrance, they may not fail, in thy good time, to bring forth their top-stone with shouting, and their corner-stone with joy. Moreover, we pray, that when this Retreat shall be occupied by those for whom it is intended, all its inmates may here and happily their course of earthly trial, in the calm and peaceful enjoyment of a competent provision, never forgetting what they owe to Him who has carried them to hoar hairs, and has not forsaken them in the time of old age, but always shewing forth towards each other the fruits of brotherly kindness and Christian love, dwelling together beneath one roof as one family, in unity, peace, and concord. Finally, O Lord, that all who are now present may be benefited, grant that all may apply what here they witness to the case of their own souls and the improvement of their eternal interests. May they be reminded, that, after all we can do for one another, thou art the true strength of the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a place of refuge, a covert from the storm and rain, and a shadow from the heat. May they be taught the importance of building on the one only true foundation-stone, the tried corner-stone, elect and precious, which thou hast laid, on which to build us up as lively stones into the spiritual house—Christ's church. May we be rooted and grounded in him, established in the faith, and glorifying him by a life of holy and devout obedience, so that we fail not hereafter, when our earthly house of this tabernacle shall be dissolved, of admittance into the building of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. All this we beg for Jesus Christ's sake, by whose command, and in whose words, we end our petitions with the prayer,—Our Father, which art in heaven," &c.

The mortar being duly spread over the spot, the massive foundation-stone was lowered to its proper place, tried by the square, and struck by the mallet; the noble earl using the trowel and other instruments with most commendable skill, though he observed that it was his first appearance in this character.

Three cheers were cordially given by the surrounding multitude, and another spontaneously in compliment to his lordship, who was then marshalled back to the adjacent tent, whence he had come, in the same form, and where a handsome entertainment was spread for above two hundred, by Messrs. Staples, of the Albion Tavern. After partaking of this sumptuous repast, the wines and viands really deserving that epithet, the chairman proposed the customary loyal and patriotic toasts, with brief and expressive allusions to Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, Prince Albert, and the royal family. On coming to "the toast of the day," his lordship addressed the company in a speech of such elo-

quence and feeling as we have never heard surpassed on any similar occasion. The unaffected ease with which it was delivered, the beauty of the language (we truly think not admitting of the change of one word without injury), and the fine, just, touching, persuasively moral, and Christian tone of the sentiments, as the speaker adverted to the various topics which called for his discussion, will, we are sure, never be forgotten by any of those who enjoyed the delight of hearing this impressive appeal. The newspapers of Thursday have given an outline of it; but we could have wished that it had been as fully reported as a parliamentary speech, not only for the sake of the Provident Retreat, but for the benefit of society at large. As it is, we are fain to copy from our daily contemporaries (chiefly the *Morning Herald*, and slightly from the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*).

The Booksellers' Provident Retreat was connected with the Booksellers' Provident Institution, founded in the year 1837 by various influential members of "the trade," whose object was to afford temporary assistance to those of their brethren who happened to be in necessitous circumstances, and afterwards to impart to them permanent relief, when they were overtaken by old age and infirmity. This benevolent design had, he rejoiced to say, met with all the success that it deserved; for the usefulness of the institution had been so generally recognised, so zealous had been the co-operation in the good work, so untiring had been its friends, who were animated by the same spirit as its founders, and so excellent had been the management, that he verily believed there was not a savings' bank or a benevolent society in the kingdom to which the Booksellers' Provident Association might not serve as an example. And this had not been effected in the usual manner; for no supplicating appeals to the charity of the unconcerned had been circulated, no newspapers had contained elaborate eulogies of this institution, no anniversary festival had been presided over by men of high rank or family, but among the members of the trade alone had the institution modestly, silently, but successfully, made its own way, until between 400 and 500 members were enrolled, and upwards of 16,000*l.* had been collected; whilst, since 1837, not 500*l.* had been expended in the management; the medical officers having given their invaluable aid without expense to the applicants, and during all that period but one dispute had come before the arbitrators appointed under the provisions of the "Friendly Societies Act." Having resolved to provide a permanent and commodious habitation for their members, in addition to the annuity granted by the society, an order to carry this benevolent intention into effect was given to the committee, but so great was the difficulty experienced by them in endeavouring to obtain an eligible site in the neighbourhood of London, that, in 1844, they were compelled to report that no success had attended their efforts. But in the present year this primary obstacle was surmounted, through the beneficence and generosity of Mr. Dickinson (cheers), who gave the land upon which they were now assembled, and which had been regularly conveyed to trustees, and was the lawful property of the institution (cheers). The society thus found itself aided in the same liberal spirit that had constantly cheered its own exertions, and endowed with a site admirably suited for the proposed building; and, thanks to that stupendous work of art (the London and Birmingham Railway), within an hour's journey of the metropolis. The structure, as he was gratified to testify,

had been commenced auspiciously, would be rapidly proceeded with, promised to be a comfortable habitation for its inmates, and would be completed in a style of architecture which he thought was in perfect harmony with the object contemplated by its promoters, and exhibited equal good taste both on the part of Mr. Cooper and the committee by whom the plan had been unanimously adopted. As far as he could judge, the regulations for the government of the Retreat seemed to be framed in the spirit best calculated to ensure comfort, order, and economy. The expenses would be defrayed from a sum which had been subscribed specially for the purpose by various members of the trade, and by other persons friendly to the object; and, as this fund increased, additions would be made as they were from time to time required. And that the fund would augment and become ample for the purpose, he devoutly hoped and confidently expected; for it seemed to him that the Provident Retreat and its parent institution were entitled to peculiar sympathy and support, not alone because they were works of well-directed charity, not alone because the bookselling trade was one which might be said to be almost *aut generis*, and because booksellers and their assistants, as a body, had peculiar difficulty in laying by provision for seasons of sickness and adversity; but because it was to this trade we were all, individually and collectively, from the highest to the lowest subject in the realm, more indebted than to any other. Though we profited by it, and blessed the source whence the streams of knowledge flowed, we seldom reflected and were little aware at what enormous cost and constant risk this knowledge was diffused, or how much was the speculation, or rather, what was the lottery, of the whole business of publishing. They seldom considered how difficult it was to ascertain beforehand, with anything like certainty, what might be the intellectual taste of those for whom intellectual food was to be provided; how difficult it was to predicate what were the caprices of public opinion—that mighty power, formed they knew not how, of materials so various, before which, in one shape or other, all were compelled to bow, and from whose decision, once pronounced, it was hopeless to appeal. He felt that the interests of the booksellers were identical with those of the public, and therefore he felt that in aiding to confer this benefit on them the public were conferring a benefit on themselves. They ought to recollect that the booksellers were the medium through which the principles of religion and patriotism were spread abroad. They ought not to forget that through their exertions knowledge was rapidly spreading, at the same time improving the morals and ameliorating the condition of the people, rendering them better men, and enabling them, he humbly hoped, to "walk more acceptably" in the presence of their God. Booksellers were public benefactors, and it belovéd society to hold out to them the right hand of friendship and cordiality in order to promote their comforts and respectability. And for this purpose no better means could be adopted than the erection of the "Retreat." Having further recommended the institution to support, the noble earl concluded by proposing as a toast, "Prosperity to the Booksellers' Provident Retreat."

The conclusion of this address was hailed with shouts of applause, and the toast heartily drunk with three times three.

The health of the noble chairman was proposed by Mr. Dickinson, who eulogised the ancestors of Lord Clarendon, and observed that

literature and the booksellers were intimately connected with the name of the family. He also dwelt upon their admirable qualities as great landed proprietors, neighbours, and friends of the poor. Every one near him who resided where they could be cognizant of their conduct, must be aware how richly they deserved the love and respect of all ranks—must know that for generations there had not been a Clarendon whose loss was not heavily felt, nor a Clarendon whose loss had not been nobly supplied. Long might the period be when the country should have to lament their illustrious chairman, but looking at the fine family who adorned his hearth they had still the same prospect of successors worthy of the race.—Lord Clarendon returned thanks, and promised to keep an observant eye upon the future prosperity of the Retreat. He then proposed the health of Mr. Dickinson, eulogising the generous part he had taken in promoting this design; the company loudly cheering every expression of grateful approbation. Mr. Dickinson again addressed the meeting with great effect, and with equal modesty declined what he deemed the excess of praise bestowed upon him.

The health of the Earl of Verulam, whom severe illness prevented from attending, was drunk in silence and respect; the same melancholy cause enforcing the absence of Lord Grimston and Lady Clarendon, who would otherwise have been present. The health of the Hon. B. Rider, one of the county members, was drunk with the honours, and acknowledged by that gentleman, both for himself and his two colleagues, who were unavoidably absent.

Mr. Merrick proposed the "Managing Committee," which Mr. Hodgson, one of its most effective members, answered in suitable terms: the Rev. Mr. Jones also spoke to a toast, and Mr. Jerdan.

A day altogether better or more pleasantly and profitably spent it is hardly possible to conceive. The musical department was gracefully filled by Miss Thornton and Messrs. G. F. Taylor, G. Genge, C. Kenny, and F. Smith.

The reading of the subscription-list by Mr. Hodgson naturally excited enthusiastic plaudits, and the presence of some of the most liberal friends of the asylum, connected with "the trade" (and convincing proofs of not being forgotten by others who could not attend), gave much additional *éclat* to the meeting. But whilst we offer this tribute to the house of Messrs. Longman, nearly every member of which was at the table, to Alderman Kelly, and to all who have distinguished themselves in this good cause, we trust we shall not be thought to overstep our province, if we earnestly exhort others who have not yet joined in the support of these institutions, to lose no time in doing themselves that service and honour. In our humble opinion, there is not one assistant in the London trade who ought not to avail himself of this auspicious institution, and not one principal whose bounden duty it is not to afford it a liberal aid. In those who are most exposed to fall into the need of such help for old age or disease, it is inexcusable to neglect the provision; and in those most removed from the chance of such misfortune, "twere good to do so much for charity."

MUSIC.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL.

[From our own Correspondent.]

Our readers may think us late in noticing the great Beethoven festival; but it was no easy matter to come at the truth of certain defects

which occurred, and we have therefore preferred waiting till the general excitement was abated and we were able dispassionately and faithfully to record the events of the doings at Bonn.

We commence by stating that the greatest praise is due to Dr. Liszt, for his generous and energetic exertions throughout the whole proceedings. Had it not been for him this festival could never have been brought about; for what with the niggardly conduct of the Bonnites, and the illiberal behaviour of the Beethoven committee, who (with the exception of Herren Friedrich Werth and Professor Walter) were opposed to such measures as would have done them honour; the whole affair would have been marked with complete failure had not Dr. Liszt contributed more than 600*l.* out of his private purse. When he arrived at Bonn (three weeks before the concerts took place), he found the committee had engaged no eminent solo singers, and he therefore provided them. What was more provoking, the committee had chosen the riding-school for the concerts; and as this locality was a small ugly building which would not have held half the audience, he, upon his own responsibility, gave orders for a new grand hall to be erected; and a most beautiful hall it was; and had the back part of the orchestra been raised, the general effect of the music would have been improved.

There was also a vast want of attention shewn on the part of the committee to the performers, both vocal and instrumental, to first-rate musicians who came from all parts of Europe (to do honour to Beethoven), and to the reporters of the press of almost all countries. But what was still more annoying was, the manner in which they treated the ladies who gratuitously assisted in the splendid choruses on an occasion of a visit to the island of Nonnenwerth. A steamboat, christened Ludwig von Beethoven, was appointed to take in her, by way of a treat, those who contributed to the success of the concerts. Of course the committee, with Drs. Spohr and Liszt and a few favourites, took early possession of the boat. It is well known to all who heard the concerts, that had it not been for the attention and ability of first and second sopranos, the difficult compositions, particularly those of the first concert, would have lost their splendour; we think, therefore, these ladies (whose parents were of the highest respectability) deserved attention and respect from the committee: but they received none, for they were not allowed to enter the Ludwig von Beethoven; and when they arrived at the island of Nonnenwerth (which lies nearly under the seven mountains of the Rhine) in another boat, they were thrust back by a pack of soldiers to prevent them from landing. We will only pronounce the committee ignorant of good management; for we cannot believe they wished to insult those without whom their best efforts would have proved fruitless: but still we must think they were far less careless of themselves than of others—for, in addition to this fact, we know many first-rate musicians who left Bonn in disgust twenty-four hours after their arrival there.

We now come to a more pleasant part of the festival, viz. the arrival of Dr. Spohr, who entered Bonn August 7th, and from that time up to August 10th, rehearsals twice a day were going on, and every attention was paid by the vocalists and instrumentalists to do honour to the immortal compositions of Beethoven. Now that we are about to speak of the works performed on this occasion, it may not be amiss to say, that it would have been more satisfactory to all had none but Beethoven's music been

performed: and we feel confident it would be a more pleasant remembrance to those who made out the programmes, had they considered that compositions of other masters, however eminent, were here out of place. The invidious remarks such as this, *Beethoven's festival in honour to Liszt* (which is no more true than could be said of Professor Breidenstein), would never have had a foundation (and we are sorry that on this score there is room for dissatisfaction and a field for irony) had Beethoven's music alone been performed at this festival.

Aug. 9.—Bonn crowded with strangers from all parts of Europe. Every inn and private house was full. The Golden Star was the seat of commotion, as Drs. Spohr and Liszt took up their abode there. We never witnessed such exciting scenes in our lives as the three grand days at Bonn. The most extraordinary scenes of all were the one o'clock dinners at the Golden Star, where 500 persons sat down to that meal for three days in succession. Each person was obliged to put his name down in a book, otherwise he was refused admission into the grand and spacious dining-room. Of all who have reason to rejoice, none have more than Herr Schmidts, landlord of the Golden Star, and we strongly advise him to form a committee (and to make himself president) to get up every three years a Beethoven festival.

The first and by far the best concert took place at six o'clock in the evening, August 10th, under the masterly guidance of Dr. Spohr, whose baton moved with majestic dignity and completely inspired the performers. Not only is Dr. Spohr a man full of years, but his genius and manly deportment cannot fail in producing feelings of profound veneration and respect on all who see him. It is fortunate the committee chose him conductor of this concert, as the compositions were full of difficulties from the beginning to the end. The first work performed was Beethoven's Mass Solemnis in D, the most sublime though intricate of all his works, and one little known in this country. For want of space we cannot analyse this mass at present, but on another occasion we may speak critically of it.

The solos were taken by Darmen, Tuzek, Sachs, Kratky, Schloss, and Herr Beyer and Staudigl: all of whom (except Herr Beyer) sang beautifully. The choruses, particularly the soprani parts, went sublimely; their excellent reading of the composition is worthy of the highest praise. The second composition was Beethoven's ninth symphony, with chorus, in which Staudigl had a good opportunity of displaying his splendid voice and excellent judgment. We may here just observe, that our famous Pischeck (though not engaged by the committee) sang in the choruses, in honour (as he told us) of Beethoven: this is conduct worthy of a great singer and a worthy man. The grand hall was crowded; and at the conclusion of this fine composition Miss Tuzek placed on the head of Dr. Spohr a splendid wreath, which took the Dr. by surprise; but he soon discovered the compliment, and bowed first to the audience and then to the performers, and as he left the concert-room the band saluted him with drums and horns—a mode of applause shewn to celebrated musicians in Germany.

Aug. 12.—Nine o'clock, Professor Dr. Breidenstein conducted Beethoven's Mass, No. 1, in C, in the cathedral at Bonn, which was crowded to suffocation. We were much pleased with the performance; and, with the exception of Herr Göze, the same singers were employed as in the first concert.

At the close of the mass the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven took place in the Münster-platz, which is quite near to the cathedral. It was singular to see how fast the people ran out of the cathedral to get to their seats within the enclosure which was temporarily placed round the monument of Beethoven, and which they had to pay only for the best situation one thaler. We will here remark, that the committee deserve commendation for the moderate charges of the three concerts, which amounted only to four thalers; and as six thalers twenty-five grochens make a pound, the reader will find the prices low for the concerts.

Next week we will give a description of the ceremony of the inauguration, and conclude by observing, that the King and Queen of Prussia, with our beloved Queen and Prince Albert, and other distinguished characters, were present on this occasion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

REFLECTIONS.

There are days should be remembered, when the spirit soars on high

Till its grosser parts are melted in the ether of the sky: When this world has had its evil, and this life has lost its care,

And the thoughts are bright and spotless as the shining summer air.

As on Sabbath-days the workman walketh out into the fields,

Every hedge-row with its blossoms to his heart enjoyment yields,

Freshened by the birds and flowers, to his toil he turneth back,—

So the soul from high communion goes refreshed upon its track.

These are hours to be remembered, but their light soon dies away,

Glorious dreams, great resolutions, scarce enduring for a day;

All the hopes that, like the levin, we had drawn down from the skies,

Have departed, and our wisdom hath forgotten to be wise.

There are days should be forgotten, for they breed but inward strife,

When we drank the cup of wormwood for the first time in our life:

When our childhood's staff was broken—staff of faith in fellow-men,

And the cares of after-manhood came so strangely o'er us then.

These are days to be forgotten, but how vivid still they be!

As on bark the letters graven growing with the growing tree;

Starting up before our memory, darkly passing in our gaze,

Mocking shadows in our gladness shutting out the sunny rays.

There are sins should be remembered,—vanities of young desire,

Arrogance of worldly knowledge, passions of unhalloved fire;

They should speak within our bosoms with a sentence and a scourge,

But the voice is low and grateful as the distant ocean's surge.

There are deeds should be forgotten,—prompted some by kindly heart,

Some the fruit of ostentation, some the specious work of art;

Some but acts of simple justice, blazoned fair to shine abroad,

And we take from men the homage only due unto our God.

Yet the evil and the sorrow, and the rapture and the right,

All alike are shewn in heaven by the same impartial light:

Thou Recorder! teach our weakness what to blot and what to grave,

That we may not fear the judgment where repentance cannot save.

E. A. H. O.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—On Thursday evening *Past and Present*, or the *Annals of the French Revolution*, by Mr. Poole, brought out at Drury Lane fifteen years ago, was revived here. The story is developed in three acts, or epochs; and the performers appear at different and increased ages. The chief strain fell on the shoulders of one well able to bear it, viz. Mr. Farren, who, in depicting the varieties of senile life, displayed all his usual art and excellence.

Adelphi.—Enterprise does not seem to flag here with the lateness of season. The *Boy-King*, and *Clariace*, have recently been added to the stock-entertainments, with much applause. They afford popular opportunities for the display of the female talent of the company.

Astley's.—The *Bride of the Nile*, a grand spectacle, has been produced here; of which Mr. Denvil is the hero, but has his honours contested by pelicans and other animals. The "mise en scene," as our English critics Frenchify it, is of a gay and splendid description, and crowds are attracted by the magnificence of the show.

VARIETIES.

The Archaeological Association (Mr. Way's) has issued its programme for Winchester next week. It contains a number of distinguished names; but is not so prolific in papers, though no fewer than twenty clergymen are announced as contributors. Excursions to Rumsey and Lord Palmerston's, and to Porchester Castle, are spoken of; and every exertion has been employed to have a goodly gathering. In the lists there is quite an extraordinary concourse of churchmen—they say ten deans, besides archdeacons, D.D.'s, professors, and down to curates.

Lilia lancifolia.—Mr. Groom's collection of these delicately-beautiful flowers has been on show during the week, and they are still in high bloom. The new variety, *Speciosum*, is very rich, its colour approaching to deep lake; the majority, however, consisted of the *Punctatum*, white and pink, all luxuriant. We were shewn also a *Gladiolus*, which fully deserved its distinctive title, *splendens*.

The appointment of Surgeon to H. M. Yacht William and Mary, vacant by the retirement of Mr. Edwards, has been given by Lord Haddington to Mr. Mc Cormick, the adventurer to both poles, he having accompanied Sir Edward Parry to the north, and Sir James Clarke Ross to the south.

The New London Magazine, No. 1, is acknowledged with thanks. Its contents seem to possess sufficient variety, and contribution from popular hands.

Captain Grover's Pamphlet, on Lord Aberdeen and the *Edinburgh Review*, we sincerely regret to have read. The extreme lengths to which zeal in an originally humane cause may lead a warm-hearted individual is really lamentable.

Calcutta-Cathedral Organ. A splendid instrument built for India by Messrs. Gray and Davison has been submitted to several public trial performances in Guildhall, where the effect produced has been very grand.

Iron Mines in Italy.—It is stated that mines rich in iron-ore have been discovered in the States of the Church.

Foreign.—A Geographical and Ethnographical Society has just been founded at Darmstadt, in Germany, supported by high names, and promising to be a very influential body, under the title of "Vereins für Erdkunde und Verwandte Wissenschaften." A number of the most distinguished men throughout Europe

have been elected corresponding members: the English corresponding members being the Chevalier Bunsen (Prussian ambassador), Sir Charles Malcolm (president of the Ethnological Society), Colonel Sykes (president of the Statistical Society), Mr. Greewough, Dr. King (secretary of the Ethnological Society), Dr. Holt Yates (secretary of the Syro-Egyptian Society), Mr. Fletcher (secretary of the Statistical Society), Mr. Thomas Wright, and we believe, the noble president of the Geographical Society, or Mr. W. Francis Ainsworth.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. Bray's Novels and Romances: Vol. V. The Talha, or the Moor of Portugal, new edit., fcp. 8vo. 6s. History of British Freshwater Algae, by A. H. Hassall, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. 5s.—Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian, by W. R. Holmes, 8vo. 14s.—Exercises in Logic, by J. T. Gray, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Elements of Chemical Analysis, by E. A. Parnell, new edit., 8vo. 14s.—Sermons for Sundays, First Series, Vol. I., 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Délassements Culinaires, par A. Soyer, of the Reform Club, royal 8vo. 6s.—Manual of Astronomy, by John Drew, fcp. 7s. 6d.—The Spirit of the Vatican, by J. Turnley, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Cosmos: a General Survey of the Physical Phenomena of the Universe, by A. Von Humboldt, Vol. I., 8vo. 10s.—The Master-Passion, and other Tales and Sketches, by T. C. Grattan, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The General Principles of Banking, by W. J. Norfolk, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Manual of Family Prayers, by the Rev. J. F. Plummer, 12mo. 6s.—The Christian's Day, by the Rev. F. E. Paget, 8mo. 3s. 6d.—The Juvenile Englishman's Library: Vol. 3, George Lark, by the Rev. F. E. Paget, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Peter Parley's Keepsake for the Young, square, 5s.—Poems, by a Father and Daughter, fcp. 8s. 6d.—Poems, by Allan P. Paton, post 8vo. 5s.—Dryburgh Abbey, and other Poems, by the Rev. T. A. Holland, new edit., 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Gaetano, and other Poems, by G. Mayfield, 8vo. 6s.—Practical Christian's Library: Andrews' Parish Sermons, 18mo. 2s.—Courts of Requests, their Jurisdiction, &c., by D. D. Keane, 2d edit., 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Prideaux's Guide to the Duties of Churchwardens, new edit., 12mo. 6s.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The challenge to Chev. Bunsen will probably appear in our next.

The *White Hart*, not the *Bush*, at Winchester, was the comfortable inn at which a number of members took up their quarters at the late Archaeological meeting, and where the ordinaries were alternately held. The *Bush* was written in mistake in our last *Gazette*.

Our readers will find the *Gazette* of to-day of a more mixed character than usual, as we have taken the opportunity of an inactive publishing week to clear of some of our arrears.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GREAT RUSSIAN CHRONOMETRICAL EXPEDITION.—E. J. DENT, 82 Strand, and 55, Chancery Street, has the high and distinguished honour of stating, that his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia has recently condescended to confer on him "the appointment and title of Chronometer-Maker to his Imperial Majesty," as a reward for the unequalled performance of his Chronometers, during the Expedition of 1841. In 1843, his Imperial Majesty the Emperor was pleased to reward the performance of Dent's Chronometers with a Gold Medal of the highest Order of Merit.

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BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—A full Account of the Proceedings of the SECOND ANNUAL MEETING, held at Winchester, with at least Fifty Illustrations, is now in the press, and will be published at Thirty Shillings. Subscribing Members will have their Copies delivered at One Pound.

In order to enable the Committee to ascertain the probable number of Copies required, it is desirable that those who may intend to subscribe for the Volume should, as early as possible, intimate to us their wishes on the subject.

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London, September 4, 1845.

FREE EXHIBITION.—ART-UNION OF LONDON.—THE WORKS OF ART selected by the Prizeholders of the year 1845, exhibiting at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, WILL BE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC FREE from the 8th to the 15th inst. from Ten till six; and by Tickets from Seven till Ten on the evenings of the 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th. The Subscription-Lists are now open.

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The cases, however, in which the daily use of the Carrara Water will be of the greatest value and importance are in many forms of calculus, for medical men know of no certain means to check pre-disposition to that terrible disease. The Carrara Water is not a composition of such a powerful nature that a few bottles of it could be expected to afford a cure in cases of confirmed disease,—for if it were so it could not be used as a daily beverage,—but is intended to produce its effects by habitual use, and to act on the constitution in the same manner as common water is well known to act on the general health of the inhabitants who drink it.

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